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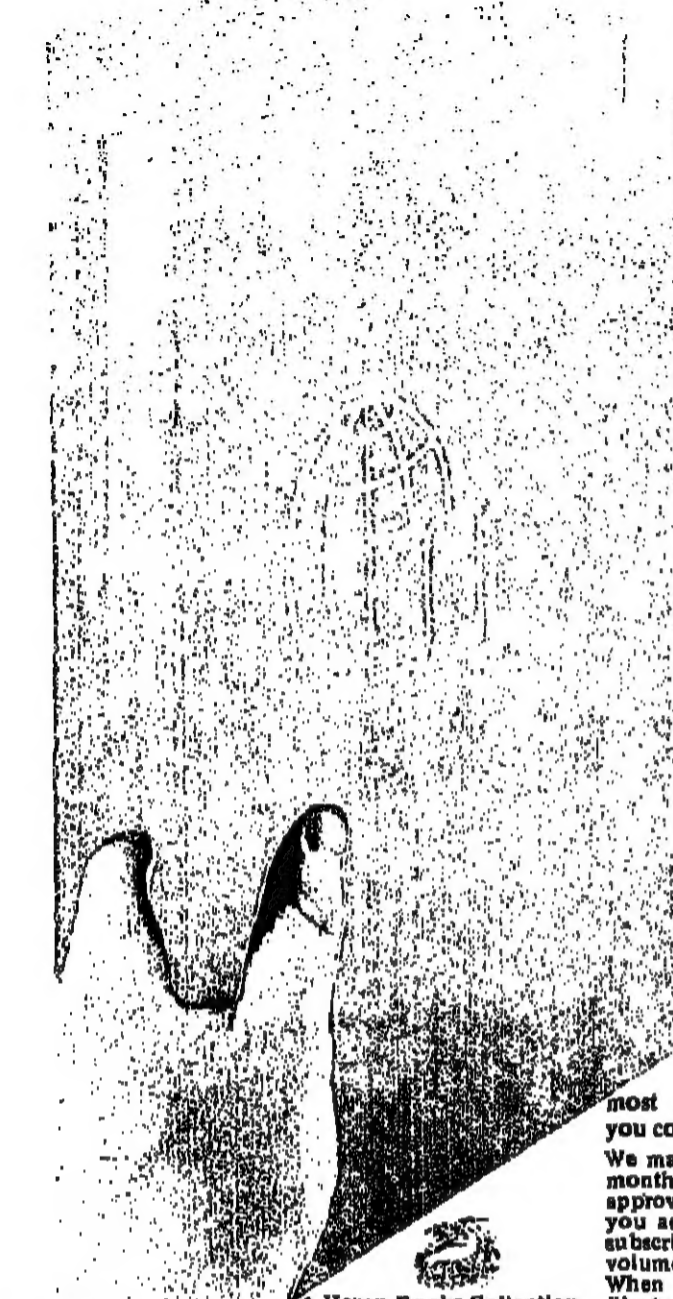
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, August 17, 1972

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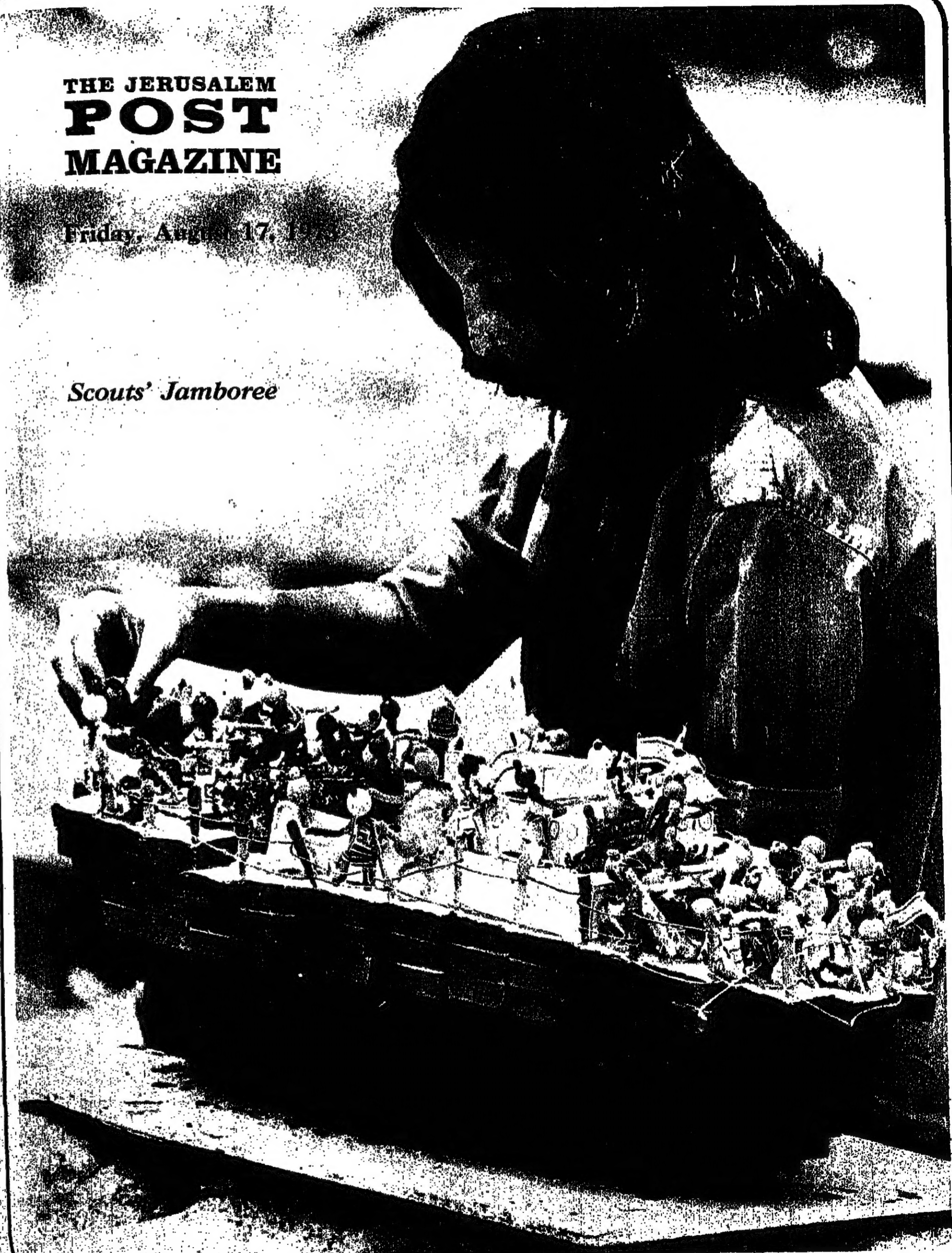


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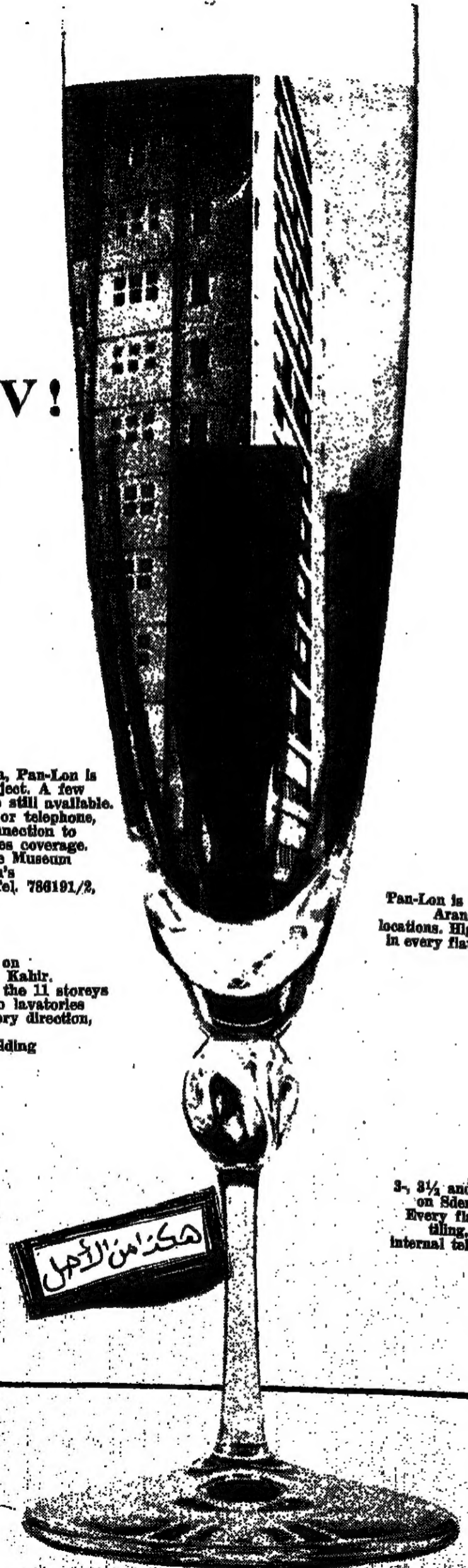
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**THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE**

In this issue

	Page		Page
Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariy discusses the war against Arab terrorism with Hlrrsh Goodman.	5	Charles Weiss reports on a three-day camelback trek through the Sinai Desert.	14
Ya'acov Ardon examines the claims of Israel's rebellious seamen and of the shipowners.	7	The Book Section includes reviews of recent Hebrew juveniles, biographies of Hann Senesh and Bob Dylan, the latest volume of Ben-Gurion's memoirs and a book of Zulu poetry.	16
Catherine Rosenheimer looks back on her recent trip to the Socialist Republic of Rumania.	8	Dr. Israel Weinstock tells the story of Rabbi Yisrael Fredman, and the Tiferet Yisrael (Nissan Bak) Synagogue in Jerusalem.	10
		This week's Scout Jamboree: text by Sara Honig, pictures by Shalom Bar-Tal.	20
		Judy Stegal describes Jerusalem's Youth City, Catherine Rosenheimer visits the Shenkar Fashion College, Helga Dudman points out the perils of air-conditioning, Hadasah Bat Halm has boiler trouble, and Halm Shapiro gives a stuffed tomato recipe.	23
		Meir Ronnen on Douglas Huebler's exhibition, and Gallery Guide.	29
		Mendel Kohansky's Theatre Column.	30
		Yobanan Boehm's Music Column, and Tora and Flora.	31
		Helga Dudman on Radio and Philip Gilton on TV.	32
		Ephraim Kishon on a Superstar.	33
		Crossword, Bridge and Chess.	34

Cover picture: Girl Scout modeling "illegal immigrant" ship (Bar-Tal).



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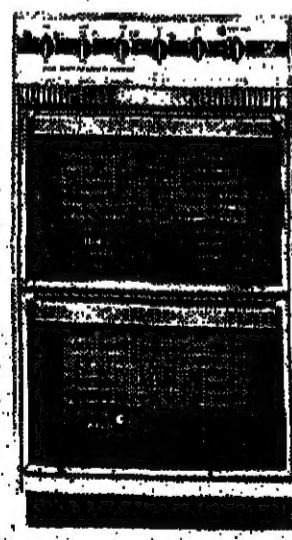
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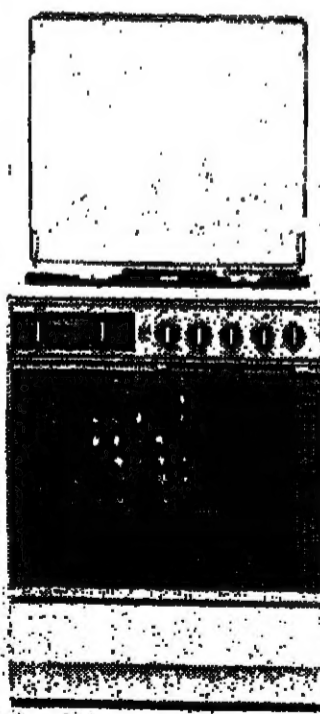
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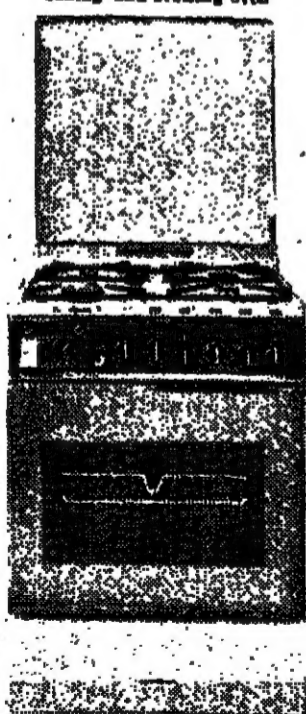
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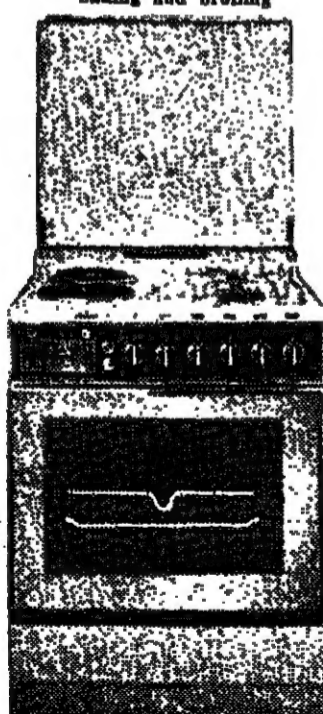
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THE WAR against terrorism is a protracted one. There is no one-time elegant solution. It is a series of blows. Blows which limit the terrorists' operational capability and destroy their infrastructure. Blows which give us a brief week, a brief month, of peace. It's a long war, and you can't always be ready. You can't possibly know it all. The world is their battlefield, and the world has done precious little to prevent terrorism. Not the governments of the world, not the United Nations and not the International Pilots' Federation. Israel has thus had to seize every opportunity it can get — even if that opportunity is taken with the clear knowledge that international opinion may censure the action. There are few people in Israel, outside the Defence establishment, who are in a better position than Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv to judge the merits or otherwise of last week's decision to intercept a civilian passenger plane in the hope of catching Dr. George Habash.

Until slightly over a month ago, Yariv was the man who coordinated the fight against terror. Some 10 months ago he ended an eight-year term as Chief of Army Intelligence. Earlier this week, Cairo Radio credited him with being one of the main architects of Israel's successful fight against international Arab terrorism, at the same time regretting the fact that they thought he would be returning to his previous job.

The job was not, and is not a simple one. Israel has 92 diplomatic missions abroad, while the Jewish Agency has 84 offices, and El Al another 40 agencies. Israeli planes use more than 20 international airports and Israeli ships call at some 220 ports. There are thousands of Israelis working and studying abroad. All are potential targets for terror gangs, which possess more than sufficient means and have a wide basis of international cooperation.

George Habash's organization, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is, according to Yariv, the second most important organization from Israel's point of view — second only to Fatah and its executive arm, Black September. Habash, whose headquarters are in Beirut, was responsible for the Lod massacre, and more recently for the hijacking of the Japanese Airlines' Boeing 747. The P.F.L.P. — which draws funds from Yemen, South Yemen, Iraq and Kuwait — is the organization which introduced hijacking as a new method in the Middle East conflict, and throughout its bloody five-year reign has proved to be the most extreme of a group of extremist organizations.

GORGE HABASH is the commander — not the leader — of the organization. And thus Israel was justified in attempting to capture him, said Yariv.

"It's odd. Had we just killed him in Beirut, the whole world would have said: Well done. But no, we tried instead to capture him in a Lebanese airliner, and the world cannot understand how we had the audacity to interfere with civilian aviation."

Yariv is convinced that there was no danger to the passengers aboard the plane.

"This plan had been discussed by the responsible parties — and I know they are responsible. All the factors had been carefully considered. The political aspects and the international repercussions. I am positive that clear orders were given to ensure the safety of passengers, crew and plane, and I am convinced that those responsible for the interception were working on unimpeachable information that Habash was to be on the plane. It was an opportunity which had to be taken.

THE WAR AGAINST TERRORISM

Following Israel's interception of a Lebanese plane in which the terrorist leader, Dr. George Habash was thought to be travelling last Friday, HIRSH GOODMAN discussed with former Army Intelligence Chief Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv the imperatives, and the limits, of the war against Arab terrorism?



were almost universally acknowledged. What are we supposed to do? asks Yariv. The fight against terrorism is worldwide. There is some international cooperation — but not enough to constitute a viable deterrent. The penalties meted out to terrorists once they are caught are light. Only this week, three terrorists caught red-handed in Rome were allowed to go scot free. The same had happened in Greece, Germany and Austria before. Why shouldn't the terrorists operate when the chances of being killed, or even imprisoned, are so small? Even our attempts to negotiate extradition treaties with certain nations for people committing acts against Israeli interests abroad have been turned down flat.

"Extradition treaties are like a wedding, both sides must be interested. There is not one country in the world — not one — prepared to do this with us. Their reasons are political. Just as their light punishments are political. The fight against terrorism roasts squarely on our shoulders, and we must do all we can."

International reluctance to act is even less understandable when one looks at the statistics. According to Aluf Yariv, since May 1972 — when the hijacked Sabena airliner landed at Lod — there have been 69 acts of Arab terrorism, of which only 49 were directed against Israel. The rest — nearly a third — were directed against non-Israeli objectives, such as the Trieste oilfields and targets in Germany, and against Jordan — objectives which could not even indirectly be associated with Israel or the fight against Israel.

Israel has been successful in its fight, he feels. A large proportion of terrorist actions — over 70 per cent — were prevented before they could ever be carried out. Exactly how many, nobody could tell, for who knows how many planned actions one aborts by a raid like Beirut or by adopting adequate security measures? All in all, the price Israel is currently paying for its existence is small, Aluf Yariv feels. Never in the last 25 years has the right of the Jewish people to a state in Israel been maintained at a lower price. The terrorists are a harassment, but not a threat to Israel's existence. They have not affected the tourist industry, nor investment, nor air traffic, nor shipping. Diplomatic activity continues normally, as do commercial ties.

Terror, however, will be with us for a long time. There will always be volunteers for action from a pool of 16,000 or 18,000 people, especially when they are conscious that there is little to deter them from working in relative safety abroad. The chances are that they will continue to operate abroad, since the prospect of a renewal of activity across our borders is slight as long as the Arab states appreciate that they are not ready to risk a full-scale war with Israel — a war which would be inevitable should the borders be opened to the terrorists again. In Israel, terrorism has been virtually eliminated and the chances of successful action are very limited. But the terrorist movements have got to continue their operations if they are to survive, and they will continue to operate in the only areas open to them — abroad.

The last action in Athens — in which two gunmen murdered three innocent bystanders and injured 55 more in a daytime attack at the international airport — does not indicate any increase of the terrorists' readiness to die for their aims, Aluf Yariv felt. "There has been no basic change in Arab ideology, but I would hesitate to say that the terrorists are not prepared to die in their fight against Israel. They died in Cyprus when they attacked an Arkia plane on April 9, but I don't think they would make a

permanent peace in the Middle East is something we cannot expect for a long time.

"For the Arabs to make peace with us would be the ultimate concession, and why should they? They believe that time will destroy us. Yasser Arafat speaks in terms of a hundred years; Sadat and Gaddafi keep reminding their people that the Arabs have successfully ousted all invaders in the past — crusaders, Turks, Tartars. Even the intelligentsia, like 'Al Ahran' editor Hassanein Heykal, claim that historical logic is against the continued existence of the State of Israel. How can one hundred million Arabs, who are so sensitive about their pride, make concessions to three million Jews? It will take a major change in their psychological make-up for peace to become a reality, and that we cannot expect for a long time to come.

"But what they don't realize, or want to realize, is that time is not against us. Along with the growing numerical gap, the qualitative and technological gap is also widening — in our favour. "We have only one danger to face — ourselves — and that is the reason I decided to go into politics, because I felt that only by taking part in the political process could I help meet that danger."



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THE SEAMEN kill the ships they love and do it with a strike. On the White Lines, re-written to fit the disaster that struck Israel's Merchant Marine a week ago, brings home to us how reckless men can come near to destroying themselves in trying to achieve what they believe is the best for them. The week-long strike is merely in abeyance. Unless the seamen have second and less self-destructive thoughts, they may resume it as soon as they find out that the Secretary-General of the Histadrut, vigorous patron of the socially oppressed, may have doubts about the merits of their claims.

The poor human relations in Israel society are the result of a corporate national failure. They affect our conduct on the roads, in the health clinics, telephone exchanges, offices and factories — and on the ships. Any resemblance between the notorious seamen's strike of 22 years ago and that of last week is purely coincidental. In 1951, the seamen of a Merchant Marine, that in retrospect looks minute, struck for self-determination in their fledgling union, for running their own affairs and not having them run by Histadrut bureaucrats with land-locked minds.

Poor human relations were at work even then. The Histadrut leaders regarded as wicked anything they did not control. The seamen were vilified as dissidents, Communists and traitors to the cause, and their strike was crushed by force. Yet they were, by and large, as fine a group of men as any nation could wish for its ships. They struck not for higher pay, but for a union that would suit their special needs, as different from those of men working on land as are those of a soldier and a civilian.

Innovations in ship propulsion and operation, in loading and unloading, called for more highly trained and technologically skilled personnel. The day of the sailor of old, unskilled except for brawn and quickness of mind and body, is gone. A new type of seaman is being hatched in the classroom, trained, through mathematics, mechanics and electrical engineering to handle the expensive automatic, electronic gear of today. By innate disposition, such men have more discipline, more understanding for the economic laws of the industry in which they serve.

Over the years, however, the new men serving as officers in the merchant marine came to feel less and less identity of interest with the ratings, the "other ranks" of the ships' crews, with whom they were allied in the Federated Seamen's Union. Last year the friction led to a rupture. The officers formed a union of their own, pleading differences of interests and outlook and an inability to enforce discipline in a shipboard reality of a widening intellectual gap and a narrowing differential in pay.

FROM THE strike of 1951, to that of last week stretched a long chain of failures in human relations. Labour Exchanges in the 'fifties (when they were still run by the Histadrut on the basis of the numerical strength of the Labour parties) were wont to regard misfits and trouble-makers as still good enough to go to sea. The police thought the same. In some cases, bad lots were indeed reformed, but it is more probable that the saints were converted by the sinners. If today we have smuggling by seamen often in broad daylight and condoned rather than prosecuted, it is due to that undeclared method of managing our merchant ships. If the slogan was "the best for aviation," the practice was "anybody for shipping." The public image of the seamen was badly tarnished.

It says a lot for the basic qualities and the potential of our seamen that they turned out as well as they did. It was hardly an undeserved tribute when Zim manager Moshe Kaashi described the seamen of today as a "capable, resourceful, reliable group of men." With the non-comprehension of, and contempt for, human relations that weaken so many social seams, the old manpower policy is still being pursued to this day. Any social psychologist could have pointed out that a superior kind of man is needed for work under the conditions of stress that freight crews have to endure: long periods of absence from home, confined in close quarters with a limited number of companions and subject to strict discipline. Add to this that every vessel flying the Israel flag is a floating embassy in miniature and it becomes apparent that there is a case for very careful selection of the right type of man for work aboard our ships.

What should have been done as a matter of informed and deliberate manpower policy was achieved, albeit to a limited extent, by the advance of shipping technology. Automation and other

THE SEAMEN ROCK THE BOATS



Israel's merchant mariners recently staged a wildcat strike. With negotiations now resumed between the seamen's union and the shipowners, YA'ACOV ARDON probes below deck for the causes of a dispute he believes is far from settlement.

that should have been appreciated, applied to the Histadrut for its official recognition, if not its blessing. They were refused. Once again, landlocked, doctrinaire incomprehension and poor human relations prevailed. The Zim Company an innocent victim and involuntarily setting a bad example to the ratings, who learned an instructive lesson in dealing with the Histadrut, which they came to regard as a paper tiger.

Once on their own, the officers also tried to improve their pay rates in order to re-establish the differential between themselves and the ratings. The narrowing of this differential over the years, they felt, deprived them of the rewards to which they were entitled by virtue of their investment of time and money in training and of their superior skills. The officers held out for pay rises and got them.

Between the two unions a contest developed as to who could squeeze more out of the ship owners. The owners retreated before threats of sanctions, or sanctions actually applied. The Histadrut proved a helpless bystander.



THE COLLECTIVE labour agreement with all seamen, officers and ratings, ran out at the end of 1972.

The officers started negotiations soon after the beginning of this year and after the usual bargaining, settled with the owners in April for the famous 40 per cent increase that was also granted to other big groups, among them the doctors. The increase had the blessing of the Ministerial Committee on Wages. The ratings, advised by a seaman turned lawyer, watched with interest, waited until the ink on the officers' contract was quite dry, and then came forward in May with demands which according to Mr. Kaashi, "added up to 125 or 126 per cent."

The talks with Zim — which usually negotiates the labour contracts on behalf of the entire industry — went on for about two months. During this time, again according to Mr. Kaashi, the demands shrank to 86 per cent, but the owners still refused to go beyond 40 per cent. Early in July, the ratings' union served notice of a "labour dispute" which must precede any lawfully conducted strike by 15 days. The Zim management and the union continued to meet, talk and disagree. The Transport Ministry and the Histadrut stood by passively.

On the morning of Friday, August 3, the ratings' union secretary decided, at an extraordinary meeting of representatives of the three divisions — deck, engine and catering staffs — to call what it called "a partial strike" on all Israel ships in Israeli ports as of 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. About a dozen ships then docked in the three ports were to be prevented from leaving. The shipowners said they first heard the news of the strike over the radio: Had they been given advance notice, they might have tried to get some of the ships to weigh anchor before Sunday morning.

THE UNION LEADERS have to this day refused to be specific about their claims. They would not go beyond saying that "Kaashi's estimate of 86 per cent is exaggerated," and "We want to speak of pounds, not percentages, you can't eat percentages." Gradually, however, their viewpoint emerged: they wanted the old differential between ratings' and officers' pay to be carried over into the new contract. That is to say, if, under the old contract, an officer received IL2,000, and a rating IL1,500, and under the new contract, the officer was receiving IL2,800, the rating should now get IL2,800.

The Zim manager, refusing to abandon a long-held position of language used in negotiations all the world over, made it clear that the demands were unacceptable. Neither he nor the other shipping companies have so far budged from their stand. And for compelling reasons. The officers' union has made it very clear to the shipowners (and also to the Histadrut) that if the employers grant the ratings higher increases than those approved by the Ministerial Committee on Wages, it will at once claim the same increases for themselves. In other words, they will not put up with any narrowing of the wage gap between themselves and the ratings. On that count alone, the owners are caught between Seylla and Charybdis.

What are the merits of the ratings' claim? When you hear them explain their case, it sounds as if the owners are quibbling over a few extra pounds of basic pay. The owners' version says exactly the opposite: that the Israel seaman is already among the highest-paid in the world, surpassed only by his U.S. and West German counterparts. Whence the discrepancy? The secretary of the officers' union clears up the mystery. "You must distinguish between pay rates and actual earnings. The

rates look low, but what counts is the actual take-home pay of the ratings. Among the higher grades they are often above those of the officers on the same ship."

Over the years, the ratings have secured extra pay for a variety of what are called "special duties" such as moving cargo on board, or opening and closing the heavy covers over the holds. Even where these special duties are now automated — like cleaning the pumps on an oil tanker — seamen are still paid for them. They are also paid for overtime and draw part of their wages in foreign exchange, and when the exchange rates turn against them, they are compensated.

When all the earnings are added up, the ratings' average income rises near the top in the international table. Two-thirds of them are in the highest grades and earn, all told, between IL2,000 and IL5,000 a month (depending on rank, ship, and length of journey). Income tax only nibbles at a seaman's pay: 20 per cent is the maximum. When he earns a pound sterling, the Tax Commissioner treats it as an Israel pound. Nobody else enjoys that privilege.

WHY DO the seamen say they are underprivileged with such earnings? Says Shlomo Avitan, one of the ratings' union secretaries:

"You can't compare a seaman's job with that of anybody ashore. We are at our places of work, 24 hours a day, doing overtime and extra duties round the week — work-days, weekends, holidays. Some men sail for three months through changing climates that affect their health, stop at foreign ports for only 24 hours, come home for barely 48. Compare what we earn with what a port worker gets for one or two shifts — and then goes home. We would rather not do overtime."

What he says is true, but not the whole story. Going to sea is not merely an occupation, but a way of life. Seamen will tell you that being away from their families is a privation for which they should be compensated; but many of them go to sea because they do not want to be with their families all the time. The pay rates are attractive, no matter what the union says. Many seamen are known to have saved enough to own taxicabs, steak taverns and other business enterprises. The drop-out rate is high. As the men grow older, the spirit of adventure wanes.

Comparisons with other maritime nations are interesting. Last March, the Shipping Research Institute in Haifa published a detailed study on seamen's rates of pay here and abroad, taking all the elements into carefully adjusted account. It found that for similar ships, a British company spends 13 per cent less on wages, an Italian company, 26 per cent less, than an Israel company, but that a German one spends 16 per cent more.

IT IS no wonder the shipping companies are now determined to stop at that 40 per cent. Their ability to compete in the world market is at stake. On the ships of leading maritime nations, cheap foreign labour is displacing costly indigenous labour. Zim, more than other Israel firms, is near the brink, with a profit rate shrunk to one per cent of turnover this year. A still higher outlay on wages will simply drive it off a highly competitive, unprotected market. If the ratings will it, they can turn the Israel flag into one of inconvenience. It can then be kept flying only if the taxpayer subsidizes it. In the last round of the contest, still to come, it will be up to Mr. Sapir and Mr. Ben-Aharon to utter the last word on whether we can afford a commercially viable shipping industry or whether we shall have to scuttle it.

An Israeli in Rumania

The Socialist Republic of Rumania is the only one of the Warsaw Pact countries which maintains normal relations with Israel. Among the many facets of that normality is the constant and growing two-way stream of tourists between Lod and Bucharest. CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER has recently returned from a visit to Rumania: here are some of her observations.

"WORTH WHILE" visiting Rumania? asked a friend soon after my return. The question was casual, the tone dubious. I wondered whether to remind him that before my departure, when I myself had been doubtful, he had been one of many people to assure me what a breathtakingly beautiful country it was. (Those who didn't mention the scenery had dropped hints about "all those beautiful blouses"!)

My celluloid impression of the Black Sea resorts was bright, sparkling and new, now, new. Almost half of the country's 250,000 beds for tourists are at present concentrated there; but now in the midst of a five-year, five billion lei (about 11.7 billion) tourist development programme, the Rumanians are now concentrating on the development of spas and mountain resorts.

The most striking first impressions of Bucharest are — in contrast to Tel Aviv — spotless cleanliness and the absence of traffic. All relative of course: our bus driver got very impatient if a "traffic jam" consisted of half a dozen cars. We wondered how he would feel in the Tel Aviv rush hour. The rarity of private cars is easy to understand when one learns that the price of the locally assembled Decca car is the same as a small Volkswagen in Israel, and that the average Rumanian worker earns one third of an Israeli worker's wage.

After an intensive week's tour of the country at the invitation of El Al and the Rumanian Ministry of Tourism, my answer is, Yes. Yes, if you are looking for a complete change of atmosphere, a break from the Israeli summer, lush pine forests, stunning mountain scenery, unspoilt villages and comfortable, inexpensive hotels. No, if you are a pampered, Hilton-oriented, international traveller with gourmet tastes looking for sophisticated nightlife, expecting a major shopping spree. Then, the only thing Rumania has to offer is the Bucharest Intercontinental, much like any big American-style hotel anywhere, about \$50 per couple per night, with rooftop swimming pool, sauna and health club, and so on. (The Intercontinental is, incidentally, the only hotel not owned by the Ministry of Tourism.) For our party of 15 Israeli journalists it was not the star attraction.

BUCHAREST'S WIDE, tree-lined avenues are reminiscent of Paris; baroque architecture often recalls Lisbon or Madrid, and the wooded lake area to the north is as well kept and green as a London park. The beautiful architecture of the former "Paris of Eastern Europe" remains, though the sparkle and gaiety of the big metropolis is gone. There are a few outdoor cafes in the centre where a well-behaved clientele sips its drinks and an occasional street sweeper or car driver (a woman as often as a man) passes by. There is certainly more feeling of regimentation and discipline here than in other, smaller towns.

Rumania is the only Eastern bloc country that encourages two-way traffic with Israel, which offers a special reduction in travel tax to Rumania: a group flight costs IL1,080 inclusive, reduced by IL180 for any Israeli applying to the Interior Ministry for a "Rumania only" laissez-passer. Carpat (a division of the Rumanian Tourism Ministry) are trying to attract more Israelis, and have opened kosher restaurants in Sibiu and several other resorts this summer. Pack-ago deal holidays with kosher meals are also available. Ten Israeli guides are now spending three months in the more popular summer resorts, to welcome groups of Israeli tourists.

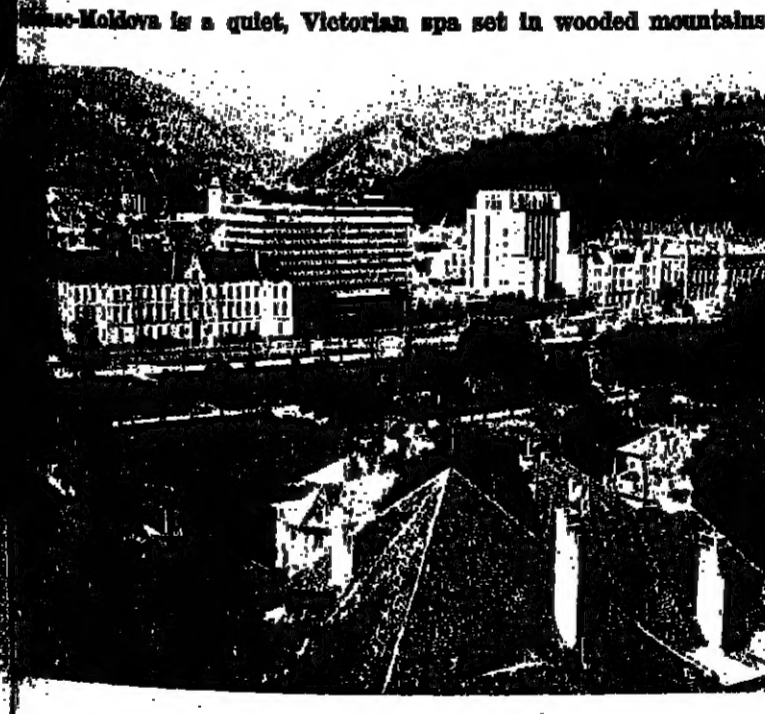
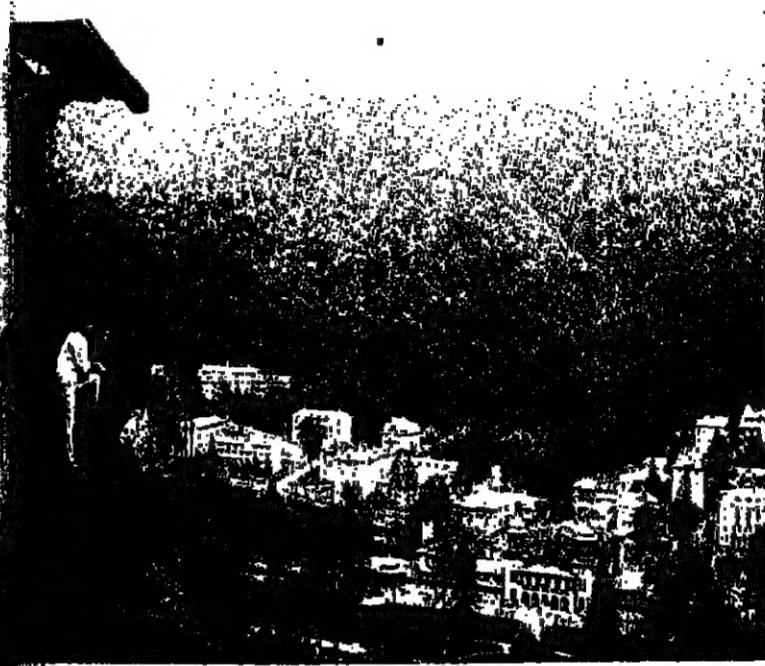
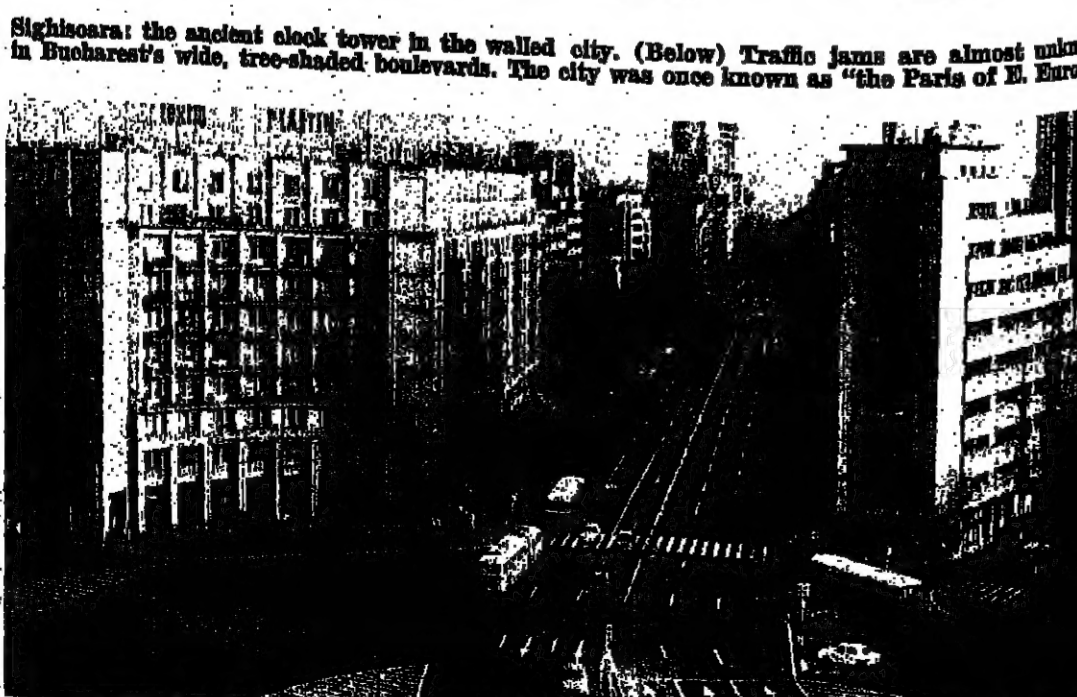
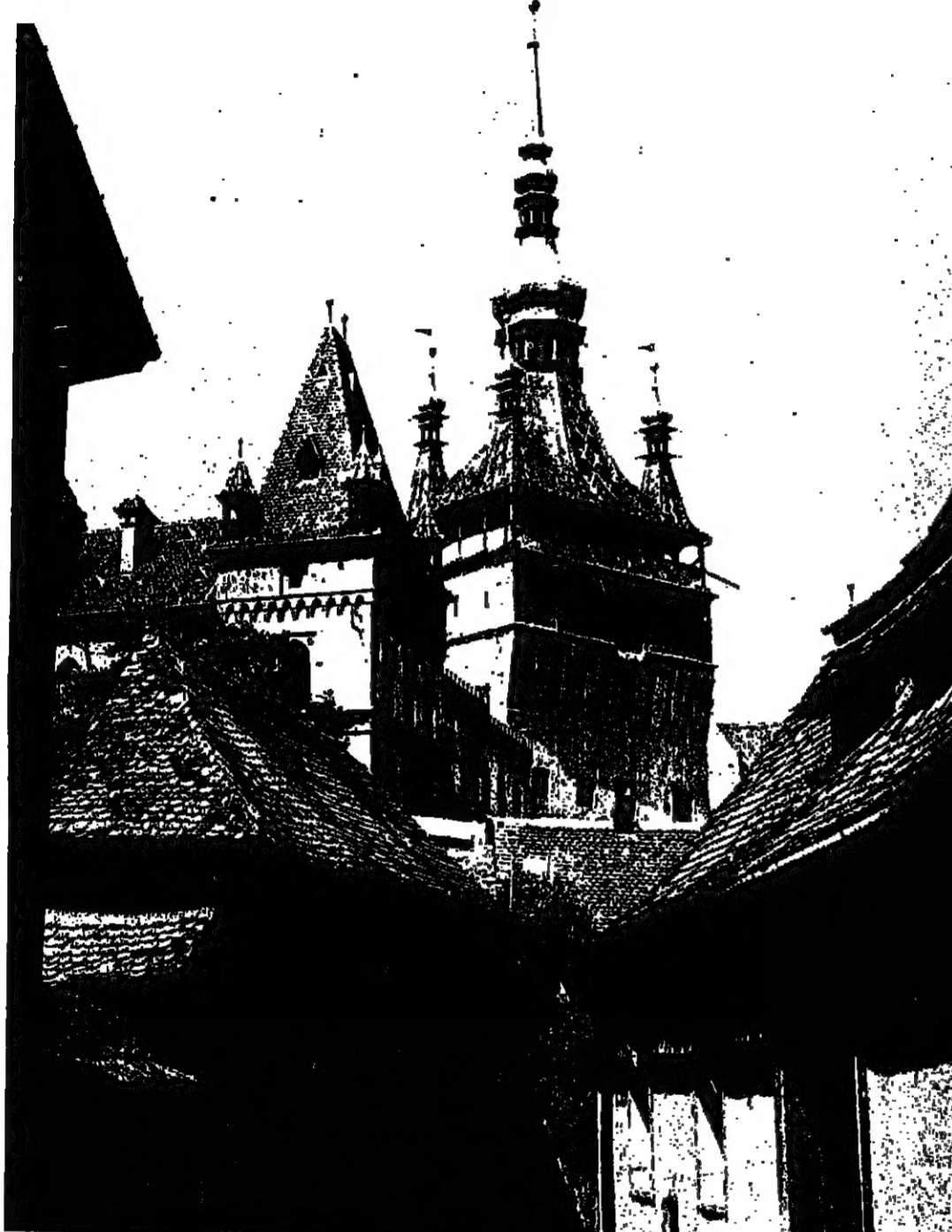
Window shopping in Bucharest (in fact everywhere) is limited. There is little to buy except peasant shirts, embroidered tablecloths and local salami. This does, of course, ensure no undue strain on the Israeli tourist's holiday budget. You may, if you are lucky, find more imaginative items of peasant art or pottery being sold on "unofficial" stalls in the villages.

OUR WEEK-LONG trip comprised a 750-km. circular route going north-west from Bucharest through the Carpathian Mountains, north as far as Sighisoara in Transylvania, eastward through Moldavia and back to Bucharest via Brasov. We saw spas, mountains, summer and winter resorts and varied countryside.

Another commodity in short supply is fresh fruit. All we found on sale were a few Jaffa oranges. This is a reflection of government policy since the end of World War II; then, 70 per cent of the population were farmers; today, 60 per cent of the country's workers are in industry. Hopefully, the picturesque farming villages and their peasant inhabitants, unchanged in hundreds of years, will not be allowed to disappear in the march of progress.

As Israel's seaside resorts will certainly be no attraction for you, explained George Dumitru, the director-general of Carpat, but as a compromise we were shown "a series of tourist films" of the Black Sea coast and the Danube Delta. (The Rumanians seem to be sold on this method of advertising: at one cabaret we went to the high spot, a mixture of modest striptease to a background of tourist propaganda films.)

Our brief tour of Bucharest included a visit to the ancient synagogue with its beautiful timbered interior. This is Rabbi Rosen's congregation, where Prime Minister Golda Meir attended a Friday night service during her visit to Rumania last year. The synagogue's 900 seats are well occupied on Saturdays, we were told, whilst on high holidays the outdoor courtyard is packed to capacity.



Sighisoara: the ancient clock tower in the walled city. (Below) Traffic jams are almost unknown in Bucharest's wide, tree-lined boulevards. The city was once known as "the Paris of E. Europe"

Sinaia-Moldova is a quiet, Victorian spa set in wooded mountains.

Polana Brasov, a well developed ski resort and tourist centre (above) is near the country's second-largest city, Brasov (below).

A sweltering humid freak heatwave broke, and we left Bucharest in stormy weather, driving through endless new high-rise housing developments on the outskirts of the capital (what is the Rumanian word for *skyscraper*?) through the industrial town of Pitesti — centre of the country's oil and petro-chemical industry. Our first sight of the Carpathian mountains was, sadly, obliterated by mist and cloud. Mountain streams which should have been trickles were swollen to gushing torrents; but the weather improved, and we were able to appreciate the full beauty of the region. Calmanesti-Caculata is one of many spa resorts we visited.

Friends who have experienced it tell me that treatment in Rumanian spas is of high professional standard, with each patient's timetable adjusted to his precise medical needs, and that after-effects are extremely satisfactory. At Calmanesti-Caculata, one of the many we visited, IL100 per person seemed a reasonable price for a comfortable room with full board and treatment, and a swimming-pool filled with water from the resort's hot sulphur springs.

En route to Sibiu, we passed endless villages with their red-roofed, white-painted houses and their porches, with arched supports, clad in grapevine and ivy. Sighisoara is a most picturesque ancient town with a walled Crusader fortress and ancient timbered clock-tower, from which there are stunning views of the surrounding hills and forests.

IN SLONAC MOLDOVA, where we made an overnight stop, a special atmosphere was immediately apparent. The Moldavians move slowly and sedately; their houses nestle closely together in contrast with the Transylvanian villages. People sit on the front porches, quiet observers on narrow, winding streets. The town was built in 1801, the main buildings of the spa, in the 1880s. The park surrounding the sanatorium and the adjacent pavilions, formerly the casino, add a state-of-the-art quality to the Eastern European architecture, with its decorative onion domes.

We wandered through Slonac's wooded park on a quiet Sunday morning. The townfolk were strolling decorously after church, taking regular swigs from little plastic bottles. No, it was not vodka they were sipping — not even Tsulca, the popular national drink, but local sulphur mineral waters beneficial for kidney and stomach disorders. Long, orderly queues formed as people waited to protect them from the drizzle. Mineral water was popular, rain-water less so.

Like many of the hotels we stayed in, the Perla at Slonac was a mixture of total efficiency and complete lack of it. Our meal was beautifully served, and included delicious local young trout. The telephone call I booked to

Tel Aviv came through quickly. The trouble — and this in a hotel opened three weeks previously — was the plumbing.

Plumbing experiences provided our group with a lively topic of daily conversation. Sometimes water came out of the shower and others, it rose through outlets in the floors; often it precipitated a murky brown layer of silt in the bath. This is a field in which Rumania would do well to invest some of its five billion lei tourism development budget.

COFFEE WAS another of the variables of the trip — I agree with those who recommend taking along one's own jar of instant coffee. Much of what we were served had a strong oily coffee flavour, though the Turkish coffee we sampled in Slonac's park cafe was the best of the week, made in copper jugs which are set in heated sand to allow it to brew thoroughly.

"We have spas for everything," quipped one Rumanian. "The problem is that Rumanians prefer Tsulca to mineral waters!" Speech was far freer than we had imagined and jokes flowed freely during the trip, touching even on political matters. There was the story of the American amazed at the low prices quoted to him by a Russian doctor for various operations. "And how much will it cost to have a tooth extracted?" "A million roubles," was the answer. "In our country, it's very expensive to open your mouth."

As we left Slonac, another small piece of evidence of friendly Israel-Rumanian trade relations caught my eye: the souvenir seller's wares were stowed in a Jaffa orange crate. Reluctantly, we drove away from rustic Transylvania and Moldavia to visit Brasov, the country's second largest metropolis.

The 16th century city centre of Brasov is the ancient market square. The town's rambling old wine cellars are now converted into a multi-level complex of bars, restaurants and night clubs. The Carpat Carpatini is geared strictly for tourists, and folklore programmes include local songs and dances as well as national favourites to cater to clients' tastes. For our benefit, they sang "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Hava Nagila."

HERE, AS in many other restaurants, Israeli flags welcomed us on our tables. This all seemed a direct contradiction of El Al's stern security briefing and instructions not to be "conspicuously Israeli"; but a top government official assured us that, under a regime where strict control can be exercised over every local and foreign resident, there is no need to worry about such matters.

In the middle of a dance — a kind of gentleman's "excuse me" — a young man kissed both my hands and waltzed me off. His

opening gambit was unforgettable. "I'm from Cairo," he said. "And you?"

"I don't think you'd like it if I told you," I replied. When he grasped the point he departed hastily, regaining his poise sufficiently to add, "Never mind. I'm very broadminded!" As we filed out of the restaurant later, my Egyptian dance partner bade me a friendly goodbye.

Our guide Manuel was a man of infinite patience and a fund of knowledge, always careful to resist showing us one sight too many, sensitive to our interests and wishes. Thanks largely to him, even by Day Six of a very tight itinerary, all of us were alert and ready to see more. Polana Brasov, a ski resort near Brasov, gave us a fleetingly pleasant taste of Rumania's winter attractions. The snows were gone, but distant peaks were still white. 1,500 metres up in the crisp mountain air of the Postaverul peak, we sampled a new variation of Rumania's national drink — hot Tsulca tea, the local version of *Ghizdovin*. It kept us warm and glowing all the way down again in the chair lift. The Dacia Grange restaurant at the foot of the mountain is a medieval, timbered hut in the style of the country's ancient tribes, its interior lined in fox skins. Even the gypsy musicians there included the inevitable "Jerusalem the Golden" in their repertoire. The country-style meal was well up to the standards and atmosphere of the setting.

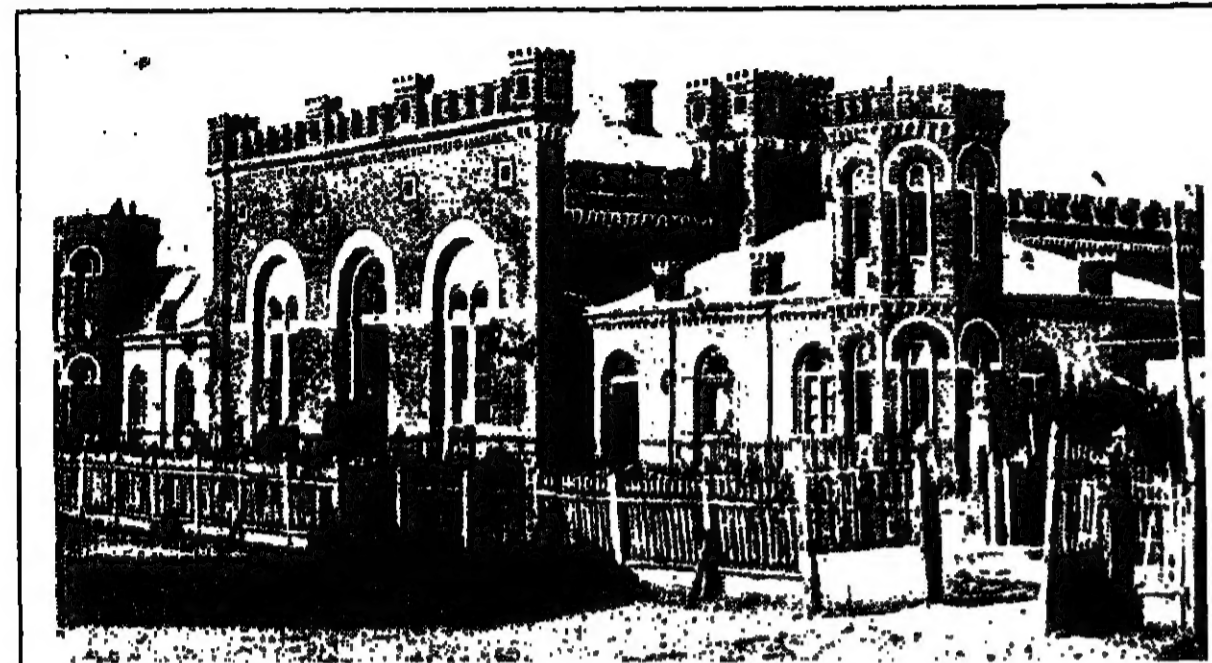
CARPATI EXPECTS a total of three million tourists this year, of which it hopes that 10,000 will be Israelis. Those who have visited the country before and returned disappointed by poor hotels and facilities should find many improvements. The older tourist, accustomed to go to Switzerland for a summer cure, may find that Rumania offers a fair substitute at far lower prices. There seems more to attract the middle-aged than the younger bracket of tourists, though both ski and sea possibilities could provide a reasonably priced family holiday.

Rumania is currently aiming at attracting a new type of Israeli tourist — not those of Rumanian origin who are sentimentally motivated to visit the country of their birth, but the potential traveller who may never in his wildest dreams have considered a holiday in Rumania.

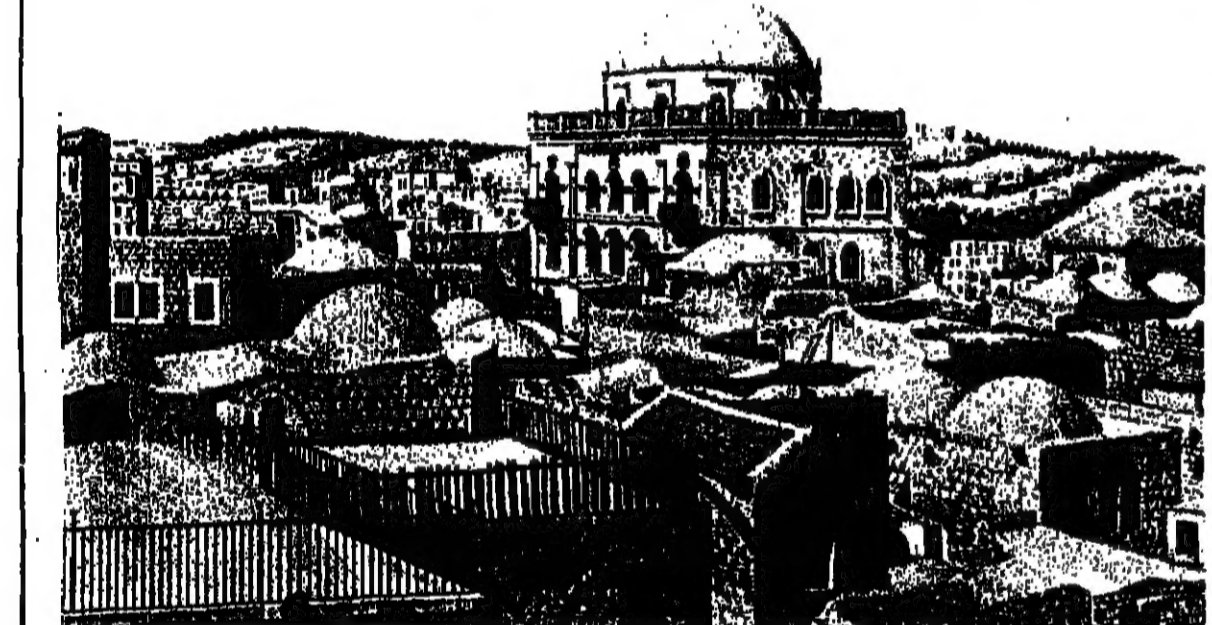
I certainly belonged in the latter category, and it was only a chance invitation that took me there. I don't believe that price alone is the decisive factor that will attract more Israelis to head for Bucharest. Polana Brasov, the Black Sea, I do feel, however, that if the tourist is provided with the comforts and attractions our party experienced — and we were assured that we were being treated as "average" tourists — Rumania's efforts deserve every success.

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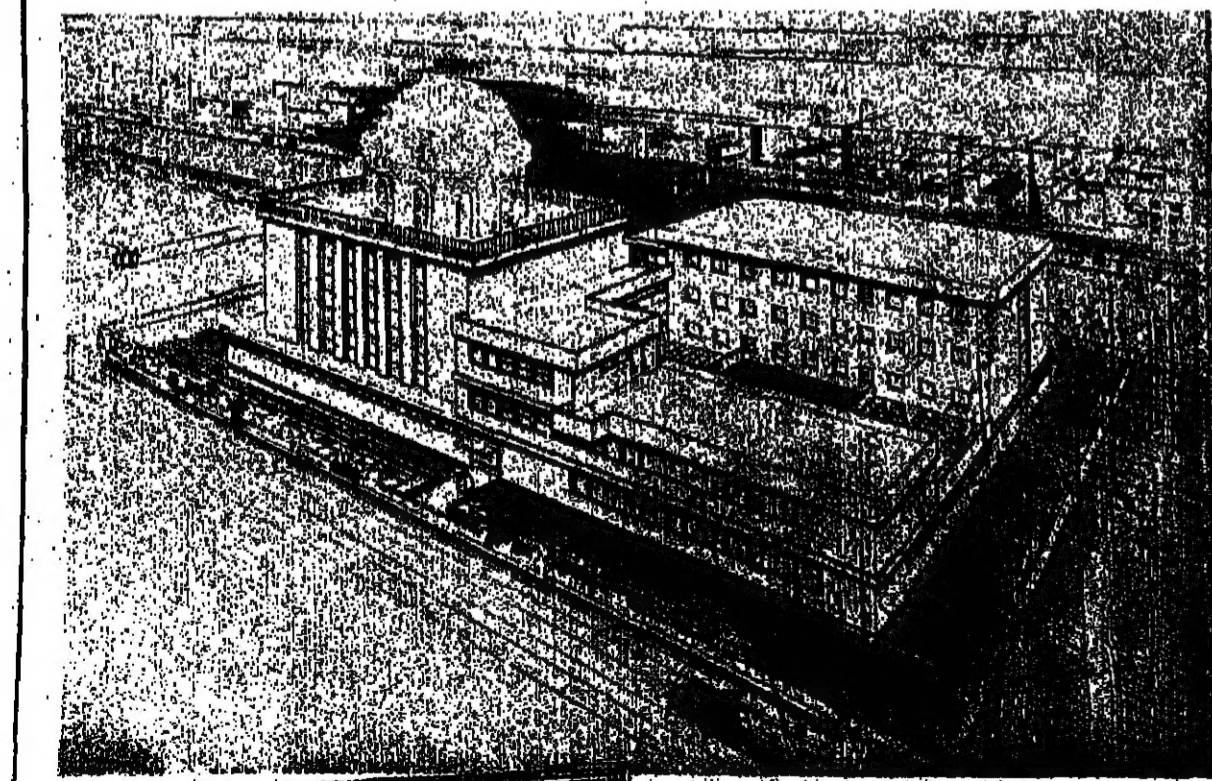
Jerusalem is to have once again a "Tiferet Israel" synagogue which will be part of a World Centre of the Ruzhin Hassidic movement. Rabbi Dr. ISRAEL WEINSTOCK, head of the Institute for Kabbala and Hassidism in Jerusalem and a descendant of the founder of the dynasty, describes its origins.



The synagogue at the Rabbi's court in Sadagora. (Below) The "Tiferet Israel" synagogue in the Old City, better known as the "Nissan Bak", which was dedicated in 1872 and destroyed in 1948.



The new "Tiferet Israel" Yeshiva complex in Romema, Jerusalem. The foundation-stone for the Hall of Prayer on the left was laid this week to mark the anniversary of the original synagogue.



מכון תורה

The Ruzhiner Dynasty

JUST OVER 101 years ago, the Tiferet Yisrael Synagogue was dedicated with great pomp in the Old City of Jerusalem. Named for Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann, founder of the Ruzhin Hassidic dynasty, it became more popularly known as the Nissan Bak Synagogue, after the man who raised the funds for it and supervised its construction. For more than 75 years, the beautiful synagogue was the pride of Jerusalem; but along with the rest of the Jewish places of worship in the Old City, it was wantonly destroyed by the Jordanians after the 1948 war. Last Sunday, at a site in Romema, the new Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex was dedicated, and the cornerstone was laid for a new synagogue and a world headquarters for the Ruzhin movement.

RABBI YISRAEL Friedmann was the son of the founder of the Ruzhin dynasty, Rabbi Shalom of Proshant, himself a grandson of Rabbi Dov Ber, the "Great Maggid" or preacher of Mesritch who was the successor of the Besht, Rabbi Baal Shem Tov, the founder of modern Hassidism. Yisrael Friedmann was only 16 years old when he succeeded his father in 1813, but his piety and wisdom, enhanced by great personal charm, soon gained him the reverence of the masses as well as the recognition of the leading sages of the day.

Moving to Ruzhin, the young rabbi built himself a palatial residence where he lived in great splendour. When he travelled, it was in a carriage with silver fittings, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by an entourage of attendants. The court of Ruzhin quickly became the spiritual centre of Russian Jewry, who, downtrodden and deprived of civic and human rights, suddenly saw before them a kind of regent saint, and they flocked to Rabbi Yisrael from far and near, both to seek religious guidance and to bask in his glory. And it was not only crowds of pious Hassidim that could be found at the Ruzhiner's court: distinguished non-Jewish intellectuals and high-ranking noblemen also came to listen to the wisdom of this great sage and pay homage to him.

THE RUSSIAN authorities were traditionally suspicious of anyone who made himself conspicuous, and as the years passed they became apprehensive of two regime informers. The fact that Rabbi Yisrael had passed through the town some months earlier provided an excuse to implicate him in the affair, and he was arrested and put in solitary confinement, first in Kamenez-Podlak and later in Kiev. After 22 months, the charge of complicity in the murder had to be dropped for want of evidence, but accusation concerning "royal" aspirations was still under

investigation, and Rabbi Yisrael was ordered to remain under police surveillance. He was given permission to move, with his family, to Kishinev, in Bessarabia.

When his followers learned confidentially, that a ministerial decree had been signed for his banishment to Siberia, they smuggled him across the border into Rumania. After a short stay in Jassey, he finally moved to Bukovina, part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. All the Russian attempts to get him returned to their jurisdiction were unavailing, and Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann — or Ben Shalom, as he was henceforth known — was eventually given permission to reside permanently within the Empire.

In 1841, he decided to make his home on the large estate near Sadagora, in Bukovina, which his followers had bought in his name. In due course, his family were given permission to leave Russia and join him. This marked the end of the Rabbi's migrations, but as a matter of precaution, he acquired Turkish nationality for himself and his entire family and — Eretz Israel then being under Turkish rule — registered as a "citizen of Jerusalem" (a status that his descendants maintained until very recent times).

AT SADAGORA, "The Ruzhiner," as he continued to be called, revived the glories of his former court. The Torah ark in the sanctuary where he prayed was exquisitely wrought in silver, supported on a stand of solid silver. The food at his table was served on silver plates and eaten with golden cutlery.

Hassidim from all over Russia and Poland made pilgrimages to the new centre of Hassidism, where the splendour of the way of life was completely contrary to the accepted standards of devout Jewry throughout the ages. But in the eyes of his contemporaries, the Tzaddik behaved thus not for his own aggrandisement, but as a way of serving the Lord. His court, at Sadagora as at Ruzhin, was constantly filled with the sound of music and dancing. The only thing that ever brought sadness to his heart, it was said, was the suffering of others.

"Wherever a Jew suffers," he once exclaimed, "I feel his pain. I feel it in the suffering of the Divine Presence. In every man there is a spark of the divine; he who hurts a man, hurts the Father in Heaven."

He left no written record of the doctrines he used to expound, in simple language, to his followers, illustrating them with homely stories and parables. Asked why he did not record his teachings, he once replied: "Others write books. I, thank heaven, have brought forth some. They will tell all who wish to hear what I wish to God them — that there is a God in the world. Through my children, all will know what God is. It was in 1841, the year he established himself in Sadagora, that Rabbi Yisrael initiated the Kotel Wolynia Fund for the settlement of Hassidim in Eretz Israel. Shortly after its foundation, he had a visit from Nissan Bak, son of Yisrael Bak who was just setting up the first printing press in Jerusalem to replace the one he had formerly established in Safed.

Nissan Bak told Rabbi Yisrael that he had formerly established in Safed. "royal" aspirations was still under

bundled up for the night in our sleeping bags.

GETTING CAMELS ready to travel is an involved process. The jerry can of water has to be balanced carefully against some freight of the same weight on the other side. The saddle-pack of wonderfully colourful wool goes over the wooden, twin-horned saddle itself. Then comes a collection of blankets and finally the sleeping bags, the ultimate in padding. The fitting-out process took Mohammed and Sulaiman almost an hour each time, and since the camels were unloaded at every stop, had to be repeated three or four times a day.

If the camel is the ship of the desert, ours certainly gave the impression of being very frail vessels. Either they were particularly sensitive or else that's the way the animal has to be treated. A three-hour trek was all the camel drivers would allow. Then the beasts had to be watered and rested. If we chanced upon water, they also had to drink — after being laboriously unloaded. At times, our path took us through some slippery, rocky stretch. For me, on foot, it was easy. The camel riders had to dismount.

Just before entering the Firan, we spent one night at a few hundred metres from an encampment of the Ulat Sa'id tribe. There is a Beduin proverb that says "W'yakal be'd walla ulat-Sa'id," — "pitch your camp far away but never with the Ulat Sa'id." We tested it and found it to be apt. Stockman said that in accordance with the Beduin tradition of hospitality, a traveller is either put up in the guest-house for the night or else invited into one of the homes. He may also be offered a kid at a reasonable price to cook for his dinner, and is expected to invite his host to partake of it. Since we were really too strange to be asked into the encampment, one of the tribesmen came over carrying a kid. He seemed very sure of his sale, and both Mohammed and Sulaiman were already licking their chops in anticipation.

The local Beduin first showed off all the kid's fine points. This skinny little animal, that seemed to know the score and bleated accordingly, was offered to us for what the Beduin said was a bargain price: IL75. Stockman said no. He wouldn't pay more than IL60. They haggled for an hour. Then, in defiance of Beduin custom, our goat salesman picked up his merchandise and walked off. We had bully beef again.

Our final destination was the Firan Oasis, the biggest in all Sinai. There we paid off our camel drivers and bade them farewell. We were tired, dirty, unshaven and right out of provisions. Fortunately we were able to buy some sort, if not very cold, drinks before setting off to hitchhike to Abu Rodela. We were also elated and proud at having made the trek, with all its discomforts. According to knowledgeable sources, our route has been taken only by the army and an archaeologist or two. But that will not be true much longer. According to the Ministry of Labour, a road suitable for buses, four-wheeled drive vehicles and, of course, camels is planned. It will be ready by next

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Guttman pictures for your poems

Miriam Arad



One of Nahum Guttman's delightful drawings around which the reader can weave a story.

PAINTER NAHUM Guttman had some drawings which, for want of a story to go with, were stuck away in a drawer and feeling bored. Then, if we ought to believe the introduction to ANI OHEV LE-TSAI... (I like to draw, Sifriyat Poalim, 45 pp.), along came poet Mira Meir, and she may not be every bored-drawing-in-a-drawer's answer to a prayer, she does fairly well with most and charmingly with a few of the pictures.

I suppose the best of the poems are those that fit the pictures most inevitably, like the one about travelling — "I don't care where or why/ Low or high/ The main thing is to see/ And be in a different place"; the boy's eye view of girls in a gossiping gaggle; or the one about the frustrations of a tailor who sewed a dress for a big fat moon, and when it came to the fitting stage found only a stately silver of a one.

I don't know whether it is because Mira Meir ran out of poems or not, but the idea of leaving a few pictures poemless at the end of the book for each reader to think up a story around for himself is wonderful anyway. It's the more wonderful as those pictures are just about the most interesting of all, e.g., a runaway monkey who sets a careful of watermelons flying, or an extremely resigned-looking turtle and an indignant snail apparently caught in mid-discussion (about lettuce?) about the jet-age? about lettuce? over a glass of wine. It'll be a rare child of about 5-7 who'll be able to resist those.

ODED BOURLA delights in small, irrelevant detail, and some of his characters in big, irrelevant, nonsense. Of two new collections of his short stories for 5-8, I prefer FA'AM V'FOE FA'AM (pp. 1-29) (Once and Once Again, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, drawings by the author, 28 pp.), which is mainly concerned with inexperienced baby-animals and their baffling encounters with life. What I like about Bourla, among many many other things, is his dry, uncompromisingly adult sense of humor, and what our theatre-orbits might call his throw away

One of my favorites in this collection is "Thon-Thon the Python" who was hungry, and whose mother brought him something to eat — "Try and swallow it all at once without chewing like a good little python." He did, but was still hungry, and his mother went in search of more food. He got bored waiting and played — at numbers (especially eight), or at skipping (he was the rope) — till an unknown thing appeared in the shape of a hedgehog and announced: "I'm soared of nothing. Not even pythons. And you're a python."

Thon-Thon said: "I'm scared of nothing either. And you're nothing, because one can't eat you." "In that case maybe we can be friends?"

I am also very fond of Pillil the elephant who was thirsty, but as his mother happened to be away visiting his father (who was in the Zoo) he had to go and look for water on his own. He asked a woodpecker, but could get nothing out of him except answers like "Yeah, sure, water's very good if you're thirsty," and "Sure I've seen water. Twice. In a lake once. And in a river once. And in the sea." He asked of a monkey, who only trifled with him, and when he went on his found a fence, and beyond the fence — a lake! Being a very helpless sort of baby-elephant, though, he just stood there wondering what to do and getting thirder and thirder, till a black swan floating on the lake pointed out the possibilities of the gate a bit further on. Pillil went through the gate and drank his fill and thanked the swan for his good advice. "You're welcome," said the black swan, "I always give good advice — when there's a gate."

LOTS OF BOURLA stories are about food — which interests both children and baby-animals — and about making-friends, being-friends, being-friendly-without-friends — all of which I'd be reluctant to jump together under the abstract title of friendship. Food and friendship often go together — as you will have noticed in the philosophy of Thon-Thon — and even more often don't, as in the case of the baby-antelope who wouldn't eat ants because he felt friendly towards them — they were so little

and so cute. He ends up eating them all the same, loving them and eating them, for such is life.

The Antelope story appears in SHALOSH V'FOE KAHOL (pp. 1-17) (Three and Blue, same format, same publisher), which is a slightly less successful collection. And when Bourla is slightly less successful, you may become a bit irritated by some of his mannerisms, such as the repeated use of the full-stop like, "He was tired. Very. Or, "Nothing scares me. Ever." Nevertheless, I wouldn't like to urge you to buy the first rather than the second book (if you can't have both), for only for the sake of "Dragonfly, a Day" the last story in "Shalosh V'foe Kahol," where Bourla's lyrical quality, often subtly present under the rambling nonsense, flowers into full poignant beauty.

TO WRITE an exciting story full of humor and suspense for 10-13-year-old readers, and at the same time offer those readers a frank, complete and yet tasteful explanation of the facts of life, is such an achievement, that regardless of some flaws I would warmly recommend KAHOL HETIH, BINSHEHA (pp. 1-13) by Zvi Granot (It all began with a Kiss, Tel Aviv, Karni, 181 pp., drawings by Anony-mous), whether you think your child knows all the facts, suspects some, or none at all. The story is told in the first person by 11-year-old Yovav, who, with his twin brother Yovav, wants to find out how babies are made:

It all starts, not really with a kiss but with their father who, furious at Daphna's fashionably ragged attire, yells that he won't have her go around looking like a prostitute. Now the first thing the twins would like to know is why their father calls Daphna a prostitute, and the second, what a prostitute is. Mother — a bit of a caricature of the modern child-psychology-lecture attendee under the abstract title of friendship. Food and friendship often go together — as you will have noticed in the philosophy of Thon-Thon — and even more often don't, as in the case of the baby-antelope who wouldn't eat ants because he felt friendly towards them — they were so little

tely, that the twins are little wisers. They seem at first to have better luck with their adolescent cousin Amnon, who takes the person with vast practical experience: "Sure I know how babies are made. The whole trick is to know how not to make them." So that when he informs them he is going out with a girl tonight, they follow him to see what he'll do, and find he has just been wishful-thinking aloud to them: "Now we'll never know how babies are made," said Yovav bitterly. "Nor how they aren't," said I."

Further unsatisfying answers come from their teacher — who tells them all about the bees — from an uncle who waxes enthusiastically but too technically scientific, and from Daphna's hippie boy-friend. It is their grandfather who finally untangles the confused mixture of fancy and half-truth they have accumulated on the way. (Though after he has also explained that love making is a pleasant activity and that, combined with love, it can be a very beautiful experience, the story ends with the following conversation:

Listen, Evav, don't you think it's disgusting?
What is?
Copulation... I'll never do it. I don't want children at all anyway.
Do you?
I think I'll try it once and make up my mind after.

The cleverly contrived result of the twins' quest is that along with them, the reader himself is only gradually led to the true, and perhaps to him as to them somewhat shocking, facts, and that on the way he not only reads about the evasions he himself may have encountered as well, but also learns about different aspects of sex. He learns that sex is both what Daphna's revolt and Amnon's bragging are about, and that it is also the blush in their teacher's face or the semi-dad young lady they find in their painter-uncle's flat.

Let me just add that my 13-year-old critic, who knows it all already and who is faintly cured with all the Young People's guides to and All you Wanted to Know, graciously condescended to read this book and enjoy it.

UNLESS THERE ARE two Yossi Meagallita, it's hard to understand what happened to the one who wrote "Ad Tse' Hakochavim" many years ago that he should come up with such preachy stuff as EICH MATH-SHEIM HATALEFOL, YITRIV DIBBYE YR (How to Rescue a Kitten, Sifriyat Poalim, drawings by Yaki Kaufmann, 75 pp.). See no evil, help thy friend in his hour of need, do thy good deed in modest discretion — it'd be a shame to spoil that story that wasn't written for the sake of its moral lesson. Technically, too, they are inferior: I imagine most readers will be disturbed by the fact that though the various stories are set in the same village and concern the same children, the author doesn't stick to his own creations. In one story it's Hagai who is never allowed to join in anything, in another story it's Yishar, who in turn is the fat and lazy boy of a third story — confusing.

NOT STRICTLY for children, unless they're over 12 and thoughtful, is poet Avraham Regelson's BEIT HANIKSOYS (pp. 1-11) (The House of Sparks, Divk, 110 pp., vowel-pointed), collection of legends, American folktales, views, observations and reflections, and at the end, the poet's impressions from visits to two young kibbutzim. Regelson is wonderful with pure description: a sick dog lying down to die, the New York subway at rush-hour, the sea, a kibbutz celebration. But of course his description is hardly ever really "pure," as the poet muses upon what he has seen from it. He reflects upon life and living, and living versus art — "It is a great thing for a man to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, but to compose a fair phrase such as 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread' — that too is a great thing." — upon anti-Semitism — in the shape of a mock-dialogue between Haman and Ahasuerus — or upon the reason why the Torah was given in the desert.

True, it is pretty to look at, and its lyrics are deft; otherwise it offers fare as nourishing as an old sponge-cake, sugary and friable. In better days it would have run for a week or two, but because nostalgia is a new catch word, because war-patience is feeble, and discussion about theatre almost non-existent, pretty deftness gets by. It is confounded with mastery.

Standards

Alan Pryce-Jones

THE 1970s have to be combated in modest ways, to begin with. Just try not to be deceived, whether in politics, art or daily living, by the utter rubbish which will be set up as desirable. Which means asserting standards, returning to the rejected notion that some products, attitudes, concepts, have greater value than others.

There is at the moment running in New York a musical "A Little Night Music." It is one of the few Broadway shows for which seats are truly hard to get, and it has been greeted with rapture by the critics and by much of the public as an exquisite, even an elevated, experience.

True, it is pretty to look at, and its lyrics are deft; otherwise it offers fare as nourishing as an old sponge-cake, sugary and friable. In better days it would have run for a week or two, but because nostalgia is a new catch word, because war-patience is feeble, and discussion about theatre almost non-existent, pretty deftness gets by. It is confounded with mastery.

If standards were asserted, much the same could be said of books recently greeted only because the author once exhibited a talent, then stretched it a little, and gained a brief seat in the hall of fame — which is at best only an annex to the palace of art.

But standards are not asserted. In the tough 1970s what counts is making a little go a long way. It is the bright improvisation, the skilled twist to an arm. It is that twist which must be resisted, so that the dim and the shabby are stripped of false glamour.

Do not always be impressed by the face on the cover of "Your" magazine. Do not give all your praise to the clever ladies of women's liberation without so much as a thank-you for George Elliot. Cultivate judgment.

Such activities sound priggish. Begging the world to be wise is not more attractive than railing at it. But as the 1970s proceed there does appear to be an unusual absence of wisdom on all hands and a failure of judgment which is communicated like a virus from one area of living to another.

Here, surely, the individual can help. He may not be able to rise up in protest, but he can refuse to be deceived; a refusal which means a great deal of hard work, and very few earthly rewards.

In the 1960s there was much solemn talk about the idea of "commitment." At the time it amounted to whether or not art should be interlocked with society. The more essential commitment today is to the individual, and to the individual's own standards.

From "The Times" Literary Supplement, May 25.

The terrible summer of 1944

THE SUMMER THAT BLED, The Biography of Hannah Senesh, by Anthony Masters, London, Michael Joseph, 349 pp. £3.15 or British Council Library, Jerusalem.

Aviva Even-Paz

THE TROUBLE is that the name has become a cliché. What does one think of? A pale dreamlike face, a poem, something about a match burning — it all seems so old hat and trite, "Zionist," "The Summer that Bled" dispels this attitude in short order. It is absorbing, interesting and terribly disturbing — and the most amazing thing about it is that it is written by a non-Jew.

Anthony Masters, a young English novelist, seems to have identified himself effortlessly and unselfishly with the Jewish plight and with Hannah Senesh, so much so, in fact, that without didacticism or tendentiousness he gives meaning to what otherwise might seem to be some an exercise in martyrdom. Why did this young girl volunteer for what was obviously the hopeless and suicidal mission of trying to save Hungarian Jewry? Was it a form of madness, an expression of romantic, adolescent feelings? I confess that, before reading this book, I used to think a little along these lines, but I don't think so any more. If her mission had succeeded even partially, she would have been obviously vindicated, even despite its total failure, she needs no vindication. There are some actions that are their own justification. One must do what is right and who knows what the reverberations will be?

TOGETHER with the story of Hannah Senesh, Masters chronicles the events leading up to the doom of the Jews of Hungary; even though one knows the inevitable end, his narrative never fails to interest. We know what is going to happen, we see the net closing in as month follows month during the terrible summer of 1944. Yet still we feel something must happen the frightfulness, the mad, unnecessary frightfulness will be averted. Because all the time, until the final rounding up of the Hungarian Jewry had converged in November 1944, and negotiations were going on between the Jewish Rescue Committee, headed by Rezszo Kasztner, and the Nazis, led of course by Eichmann.

It is no exaggeration to say that Kasztner is at least as interesting a person as Hannah, a Shakespearean hero with all the ingredients of heroic drama: honor, friendship, conflicting loyalties, danger, power. Kasztner was generally admitted to be a brilliant man. Born in the small town of Kij, he soon made his way to Budapest, where, even with a fascist regime in power, he realized this was the place to make his mark. Alex Weisberg, in his book,

"Advocate for the Dead," quotes Joel Brand, another member of the Rescue Committee, as saying, "Nevertheless, with all his weaknesses and mistakes, Kasztner was a man who put his heart and soul into the rescue of the Jewish people and who achieved a very great deal. Timid by nature, he nevertheless showed a marvellous courage at critical moments," such as negotiating with Eichmann who emerges as the third significant figure in this drama.

And, strangely enough, it was the worldly-wise, devious Kasztner who achieved at least part of what Hannah could not do — saving at least a tiny remnant. Time and again Kasztner put his head into the lion's den. At one point Eichmann says to Kasztner, "Your nerve is going, Kasztner. I'll have to send you to Theresienstadt for a cure. Or would you prefer Auschwitz?"

HANNAH CAME from a comfortable, intellectual, Jewish bourgeois background. From her earliest years she was different and others felt it. Masters says Hannah was not a pretty girl, yet several boys fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. What attracted them? Stocky, plump when she was young, with a round face and warm green-blue eyes, she was the daughter of a Hungarian Jewish playwright-translationist, who wrote elegant, fashionable, witty plays — one remembers the early life of Herzl. People felt her rocky independence, her refusal to be guided by anything but her own light. She possessed a sagacity and discrimination astonishing in one so young. The Budapest Protestant High School, in a sudden access of liberalism, had opened its doors for the first time to Jews and Catholics. But the Catholics had to pay double, and the Jews triple! The Germans did not exactly find un-fertile ground for their activities in Hungary. Hannah was one of Jews accepted. Because she was so outstanding at her studies, she reluctantly agreed at the end of the first year that her fees should be reduced to those of the Catholics.

Hannah was keenly aware of what was going on in Europe, and of how Hungary was gradually being surrounded by the Germans — the Anschluss, the Sudetenland, the Vienna Treaty whereby Hungary received part of S. E. Slovakia and Carpatho-Ruthenia, and, as a result, became ever more violently anti-Semitic. Hungary had a succession of prime ministers, some openly pro-German and anti-Semitic, some like Kallay, "reluctant collaborators," or Ilse, Teleki, who committed suicide when he realized that he had been the dupes of the Germans. There was a strange ambiguity even in a figure like Horthy, the Regent to a non-existent king; according to Masters, he managed to postpone for a time the deportation of the Budapest Jews, under pressure from Pope Pius XII and Roosevelt, and a note from the Swedish king in June, 1944. Long before this, however, Hannah herself had decided to emigrate



to Palestine, arriving here in September, 1939. The story of Hannah in Palestine has been well documented: it is a pity that her writing is already fading into a sort of holy writ, and its originality underestimated. "In the Diaspora, Jews were sad if they had no particular reason to be good-humored, and here, on the other hand, people are good-humored if they have no particular reason to be sad — as people are in other lands," she wrote. "While sorting grapefruit in the storeroom, selecting the beautiful, good ones, and putting them at the bottom, the battered weak ones at the top, the comparison ran through my mind that this is the way God arranged our people. He piled the strong at the bottom so they would bear the pressure which represented the weight of a developing country, while the battered remain for the top. And within me a request was born. My Lord, may I give the choice of saving her people be like wholesome, faultless fruit, so Your hand won't have to search amongst those which will bear the weight and those which are weak. Or, if possible, let there be a lower and an upper level, not

but rather a great wide shelf upon which everyone is placed side by side. But I can't really believe in this."

SHE FELT most at home in the kibbutz, but still she wrote: "The basic function of the kibbutz is to afford satisfaction to all its members. No one is able to live long as a blind instrument used only to further a social aim. He will only be content if he himself moves towards his goal. Even if a socialist slogan is placed on a mountain peak as a constant spur and incentive, we must not forget that if the members do not feel fresh air all round them when they reach the peak, if they do not sense a broader horizon, if they do not feel free — if they are considered only as working robots who blindly come and go — then all the efforts will have been wasted. For what is the use of a man reaching the mountain peak if he can't appreciate all the beauty around him because he is broken in body and spirit?"

But although, wherever she went in Palestine — Nahalal, Ginosar, Sdot Yam — she was admired, and her qualities recognized, she herself was restless and dissatisfied. She had found no focal point (she turned down several offers of marriage), she was eaten up with fear for her mother Catherine, still in Budapest, and her brother George (Giora) in occupied France. And so her inevitable road was being mapped out, first the Palmach and then the Palestine Jewish parachute mission to Europe, originally destined to land in Hungary, but changed by the British to a landing in Yugoslavia — the first of many cruel setbacks. It was this mission which Hannah had subconsciously been waiting for. It helped, since the Allies had only been so sceptical about this hopeless suicidal exploit, yet what seems certain now is that Hannah's restlessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

OTHERS COULD regard building up the land as the only true and abiding answer which it was, but, in the meanwhile, millions, including her nearest and dearest were destined for death. Masters recounts the astounding story of Hannah's eventual acceptance into the small band of parachutists. It may not be generally known that the British stipulated that this handful of young Jews was first to concentrate on opening up escape-routes for Allied airmen and other escaped prisoners of war, and only afterwards to try and save Jews. "Hannah was interviewed by a joint panel of British and Jewish personnel... Lt.-Col. Hunloke, Sq. Leader Taylor and Lt.-Col. St. Hannah herself. She was a heroine certainly, exalted, visionary, and doomed, but she could also write like this: "And when I watched the waves storming along the coast with foaming fury and saw how they broke on the beach, I thought, perhaps our enthusiasms and fumblings are no different. When the waves pound in, they are full of virility and vigour. When they reach the shore, they are broken and tamed and play in the golden sand like good little children." She knew what Catherine would have really was a poet.

thought or Hannah would have done, but the remark went down very well. To Hunloke, Taylor and St. Hannah she exhibited a blend of true-blue stiff upper-lip Mandate loyalty which they thought in a kibbutz, but still she wrote: "The basic function of the kibbutz is to afford satisfaction to all its members. No one is able to live long as a blind instrument used only to further a social aim. He will only be content if he himself moves towards his goal. Even if a socialist slogan is placed on a mountain peak as a constant spur and incentive, we must not forget that if the members do not feel fresh air all round them when they reach the peak, if they do not sense a broader horizon, if they do not feel free — if they are considered only as working robots who blindly come and go — then all the efforts will have been wasted. For what is the use of a man reaching the mountain peak if he can't appreciate all the beauty around him because he is broken in body and spirit?"

Through a grotesque mischance, Hannah was eventually captured, tortured and shot. During her captivity in Budapest her mother tried to contact Kasztner, who she had been assured, was the one person who could save her daughter (ten years later Catherine's testimony was to weigh heavily against him) but he was never available.

THE BOOK raises many questions as it fills in the background to this absorbing and macabre story. Why did Kasztner fail to help Hannah? What was the role of the Jewish Agency in the long-protracted negotiations between the Jewish Rescue Committee and Eichmann? Was it just that they were helpless, since the Allies had only decided that they would have certain now is that Hannah's restlessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

It was still possible perhaps for some to escape? Masters also mentions the ambiguous role of the Catholic Church, led by Cardinal Seredi, which only wished to save Jews who had converted to Catholicism, and hurriedly retreated when they felt they had done enough for these people. Perhaps the greatest compliment I can pay the book is that it makes the reader want to go much deeper into the whole background of these events. Somewhere perhaps the truth can be found, but it will not be a simple truth, that let us leave the last word to Hannah herself. She was a heroine certainly, exalted, visionary, and doomed, but she could also write like this: "And when I watched the waves storming along the coast with foaming fury and saw how they broke on the beach, I thought, perhaps our enthusiasms and fumblings are no different. When the waves pound in, they are full of virility and vigour. When they reach the shore, they are broken and tamed and play in the golden sand like good little children." She knew what Catherine would have really was a poet.

Journal

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY'S Institute of Languages and Literature has just published the first issue of its new journal, "The Hebrew University Studies in Literature," to be issued bi-annually, under the editorship of Shimon Sandbank and Arleh Serper. It contains articles by Mark Spilka on "Tan Watt on Intrusive Authors"; Dorothea Krook ("The Madness of Art: Further Reflections on the Ambiguity of Henry James"); Yosef Dan ("An Early Hebrew Source of the Yiddish 'Kalmuth' Story"); Shalom J. Kahn ("Mark Twain as American Realist"); Robert Friend ("The Quest for Ronsard: A Comparison of Two Passages to India"); Alexander Gellay ("The Landscape of Happiness in 'Le Chateau de Parme'"); and Therese Malachi ("L'Idée de bonheur dans le théâtre d'Anouilh").

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE PAGE SEVENTEEN

A call for open diplomacy

MEMOIRS (Memorirs), Volume 3, by David Ben-Gurion. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 560pp.

Sraya Shapiro

THE YEAR 1984 began on a hopeful note. Eretz Yisrael was enjoying an unprecedented economic boom; 60,000 Jews had arrived in the previous year; and travel on the main roads was quite secure. In his New Year Message to Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion, Chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, said that His Majesty's government in London could think of no better gift than to extend Sir Arthur's term, just drawing to a close. Though on many problems the Jews differed with the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion wrote, he felt it was an honour to have Sir Arthur as his debating-partner.

The focus of the argument was Britain's intention to establish a Legislative Council with advisory, not legislative, powers. Two thirds of the Council's members would be Arabs, one third Jews. The Jewish Agency intimated it would not oppose the gradual turning over of the administration to local people, but on the basis of "parity": half Jews, half Arabs.

Some influential Members of Parliament in London had been won over to this view. But in Jerusalem, the Administration was actively against it. They secured an invitation to London for an Arab delegation — the Jewish Agency was appalled to learn of this only hours before the official announcement was made. Before the delegation left,

however, Eretz Yisrael was shaken by a series of terror killings of Jews. The Arabs also declared a general strike, which was to last six months. It emerged, however, that the Jewish leaders did not have a unanimous evaluation of the Arab aims. Most believed that the terror acts were little more than another spate of political crimes such as Eretz Yisrael had periodically witnessed under the British occupation. Appeal to the authorities in Eretz Yisrael and the pressure on the British Government through Parliamentary opinion was suggested to obtain the return of peace.

MR. BEN-GURION was of a different opinion. The Arabs, he held, were staging a rebellion. The remedy was not police action but a political counter-offensive. Mr. Ben-Gurion suggested the open re-affirmation of the Zionist aim of the restoration of Jewish national sovereignty in the ancestral homeland. He urged strong pressure on the British Government, British public opinion and the British Administration in Eretz Yisrael to help the Jews in this task by sponsoring the economic and industrial development of the country. He also urged a call for mass aliyah.

"I agree to accept minority status," Mr. Ben-Gurion argued, "there could be peace in a moment." But the Jews had been a minority everywhere in their 2,000 years' wandering. They were a minority in Poland and Rumania, for instance, where their lives were in daily danger. They no longer had any influence in Germany, despite their contributions to her cultural life. The Jews were not coming to Eretz Yisrael to continue the life which had proved so disastrous in the past.



In the end only Menahem Mendel Ussishkin supported Mr. Ben-Gurion in the Jewish Agency. In the Mapai Political Committee Mr. Ben-Gurion fared even worse, though he repeatedly argued that only the Labour Movement was strong and responsible enough in the Yishuv to be able to lead the Jews in a political struggle. Dr. Maurice Hexter, the American non-Zionist member of the Agency Executive, Dr. Werner Senator, the German-born Zionist, and Dr. Yudah L. Magnes, President of the Hebrew University, all pleaded for "concessions" to the Zionists in order to impress the Arabs with the good will of the Jews. They were deaf to

Mr. Ben-Gurion's assertion that the Arabs did not seek a *modus vivendi*, but simply the total renunciation by the Jews of the Zionist dream.

One man gave Mr. Ben-Gurion the jitters: Chaim Weizmann. Though he greatly admired Dr. Weizmann, the spokesman for the Jewish cause (Weizmann was then President of the World Zionist Organization), Mr. Ben-Gurion differed with him on the tactics of achieving the Zionist aim. He wrote:

"Weizmann is great when he defends the Zionist point of view; but after he finishes his speech he is convinced that he has done everything possible, and is ready to grant his opponent any concessions."

Mr. Ben-Gurion was wholly shocked when Weizmann told British Colonial Secretary Ormsby-Gore that the Zionist Organization would not resist a temporary ban on aliyah — as the British had suggested — "in order to give the Royal Commission a chance to deliberate calmly." Mr. Ben-Gurion said again and again: "That man Weizmann is dangerous." He refused to testify before the Peel Commission because Weizmann had done so.

THE MESSAGE of this volume is a call for open politics. A clear statement by the Zionist Organization that it aimed to re-establish Jewish rule in Eretz Yisrael would inevitably draw opposition; but it would also bring chances to find supporters. Covering up the real goal by subterfuge formulas helped nobody; the enemies of Zionism would not be deceived, while its potential friends would be dismayed. For a person of Mr. Ben-Gurion's stature, risk was the essence of struggle.

Like the previous volume, this one — covering the year 1938 — contains only excerpts from letters and protocols, without any personal comment or explanation of the situation at the time of writing. The only notes are short biographical notes in the index. The documents appear in strictly chronological order. Some of the documents are invaluable to the understanding of the political scene in that year; others are repetitive. A short introduction to the volume would be invaluable for the reader who is unable to devote much time to research.

sent on instructions from London, did little to quell the rebellion because the Administration in Jerusalem wanted the Arabs to seem invincible.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ben-Gurion argued, England was perhaps the only European country where public opinion was able to influence politics, and the Jews were free to use this channel. The British public, being humanitarian, should be sensitive to the plight of German Jews, for instance. If a total war broke out, the British would be glad to have a strong supporting element in the Middle East. But in 1938 the time was not ripe for this argument, because the public did not believe there would be a war, Mr. Ben-Gurion wrote.

BRITAIN, in Mr. Ben-Gurion's eyes, was not an enemy. Obviously, global strategy and the threat of war dictated many British moves. Mr. Ben-Gurion did not believe, as some of his colleagues in the Jewish Agency did, that replacing Sir Arthur Wauchope would bring a favourable turn in British policy. Mr. Ben-Gurion also cooled the enthusiasm his colleagues showed when Opposition and sometimes pro-Government Members of Parliament delivered magnificent pro-Jewish speeches in Jewish defence; in the final count, he reminded them, it is the official on the spot and not the M.P. who has the decisive influence. He was proved right when the big contingents of British troops

A Zulu poet speaks out

OSWALD MTSHALL, a former doorman and dishwasher, is a simple, soft-spoken man. He is a short, stocky, bearded Zulu who looks so ordinary that you would hardly notice him if he passed you on your local high street. But, paradoxically, this 38-year-old man with the mild and modest manner walks tall in his native country of South Africa. And his is the strongest voice of Black dissent in that White-dominated land.

He is not a politician, but a poet and writer. Two years ago he was completely unknown and working as a £7 a week messenger — delivering parcels on a small scooter for a Johannesburg advertising agency. His life changed dramatically when he was encouraged by Lionel Abrahams, a polio-crippled Jewish writer and critic, to compile a book of his private thoughts — in poetry form.

It was stunningly successful. Entitled "Sounds of a Cowhide Drum," published by Oxford University Press, it contained 68 poems which chronicled some of the unpleasant experiences suffered by South Africa's 15 million Africans under the system of apartheid.

Although he is basically a non-political man, Oswald somehow placed his finger unerringly on the sensitive inner pulse of the White population's conscience. His harrowing poems — a finely blended mixture of satirical, bitter-sweet, yet humorous, observations — admitted Whites to a world most of them were unaware of. But, because the poems were obviously written without malice and were rarely vengeful, most Whites accepted them as valid and honest criticism.

Very few poets in the world have managed to sell 17,000 copies of their first small volume — at £1 a

Gordon Winter

time. And particularly not in South Africa, where the White population is only 3.5 million. But that's exactly what happened. The Whites scrambled to buy the remarkable book and it is now in its fifth printing. It is the first volume of poetry to make a profit for a publisher in South Africa, not to mention royalties of £1,500 for the author.

One of the poems contains just 26 simple words which sum up, in miniature, the feelings of South Africa's Black workers. Oswald says he wrote it because 90 per cent of South African Whites never bother to find out the surnames of their Black servants:

Master, I am a stranger to you,
but will you hear my confession?
I am a faceless man
Who lives in the backyard
of your house.

Oswald Mtshall was born in the sleepy Natal town of Vryheid, which is the Afrikaans word for "freedom." But it took 31 years for him to achieve a certain measure of freedom in his own land. He says the book of poetry has liberated him personally — from all those years of frustration as a Black in the land of White supremacy.

The worldwide fame brought by the book also brought an offer of a weekly column in Johannesburg's liberal newspaper, "The Rand Daily Mail." Mtshall uses this column to great effect — airing the fear and frustrations of his fellow Blacks.

And, surprisingly, the South African Government tolerates this



Mtshall, the "faceless man," achieved immediate critical acclaim.

unusually gifted firebrand who poignantly mirrors Black grievances. The Security Branch called him in for a two-hour interview when his book received immediate acclaim and front-page treatment in the whole of the South African press. But, he says, they were only checking to see if he was a "Communist-inspired propagandist" — and seemed quite relieved when it was found that neither he nor his family had ever been involved with any "underground political movement."

When Mtshall was awarded a free trip to Britain last month, the Pretoria regime even granted him a visa to leave the country — a privilege rarely granted to Blacks who publicly criticise the status quo. This strongly indicates that Pretoria accepts Oswald Mtshall as a genuine individual who has no political axe to grind.

OSWALD and his wife, Margaret, have a 15-month-old daughter and they live in Soweto, the massive conglomerate of African townships containing the almost one million Black labourers vitally necessary to South Africa's brash "City of Gold" — Johannesburg. The couple live in a matchbox-sized, government-built house with concrete walls and roof. It has a kitchen, one bedroom, a small living room, no bathroom and no electricity.

Mtshall studied hard as a child because his mother made him realise the importance of education. But he could not afford to go to university. He was astounded by the success of his poetry but modestly explains it away by saying his book came "just at the right time" — when Whites were beginning to sense the possibility of important political and cultural changes in South Africa.

He firmly believes the apartheid monolith is starting to tremble and that non-White living conditions in the Republic will change dramatically — and peacefully — during the next five years. (FYPF)

this week 12 years ago

AUGUST 22, 1961,
FIRST ISSUE OF "SOVIETISH HEIMLAND"
PUBLISHED IN MOSCOW

The Yiddish literary-artistic journal appeared first as a bi-monthly and from 1955 as a monthly. It was a partial response by the Soviet authorities to the continued and forceful demands, most of them external, made to reverse the policy — in operation since 1948 — of obliterating Yiddish culture. It devotes about two-thirds of its space to belles-lettres and the remainder to literary criticism, ideological articles, memoirs, polemics, etc. Most of the contributors are elderly Yiddish writers living in the Soviet Union. The magazine is well edited and has earned the reputation of being one of the most attractive Yiddish journals being published. Its material fully reflects the ideology of Soviet patriotism. It is far less "liberal" than certain Soviet magazines, such as "Novy Mir." The literary standard is much lower than that of Soviet Yiddish literature before 1948 although there are interesting and appealing items. It has fulfilled a positive role for Soviet Jewry by providing Yiddish material to a considerable readership and by serving as a symbol of Jewish identity.

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READERS' LITERARY LETTERS

Secularists and novelists

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor Sir — Allow me to reply to Professor Eli Schweid's letter (your issue of August 10) commenting on my review of his "Israel at the Crossroads" in your July 20 issue. I regret that for reasons beyond my control my reply did not reach you in time to appear together with his letter.

1) The error regarding his kibbutz affiliation was inadvertently made by the editor, not the reviewer. Nothing in my review casts doubt on Prof. Schweid's ongoing process of involvement with the Jewish tradition. In fact, the review speaks of his being "reincarnated" into the realm of faith during the Six Day War, not in his having undergone any dramatic change.

2) Prof. Schweid denies being a secularist. I, too, don't believe he is a secularist, and that is why I put the term in quotation marks. In fact, I explicitly wrote that he doesn't even acknowledge the existence of Jewish secularists. But he is really playing a subjective semantic game, for it is fair to say that in the current Israeli jargon one who is not an Orthodox Jew may be considered a secularist. I don't necessarily approve of this simplification, but the State Religious School Trend is religious and what is called the State School Trend is not religious — Dan.

I, too, like Prof. Schweid, desperately wish to find a positive common Jewish denominator between the two trends, but this is a wish, not a fact. Regrettably, and unfairly, by Orthodox standards, a "non-Orthodox" person is still an "approved secularist," and probably a "non-Orthodox" person in Israel, though I accept this categorization or indifference to it.

3) The comparison between the Six Day War trauma and that of the giving of the Torah at Mt. Sinai was my own, not Prof. Schweid's. The fact that it was separated by dashes and began with the word "undoubtedly" meant to convey that it was the reviewer speaking, not the author. However, the fact that Prof. Schweid believes my sensitivity to his powerful presentation of the trauma of the war period to be his "grotesque and outrageous" is his problem, not mine.

Perhaps in this instance he underestimated himself. I interpreted his presentation to be exactly what I would have probably felt had I been at Sinai some 38 centuries ago, sharing with Jewish multitudes the collective experience of becoming a distinctive nation with a profound sense of spiritual destiny. It was my impression that this was what Prof. Schweid sought to convey with respect to the Six Day War.

Finally, if Prof. Schweid cannot identify as his the major ideas which the review ascribed to him, I am truly sorry. A copy of the book is before me, with the major ideas underlined and annotated. Perhaps I tried to make the most of a non-successful translation or was some American visitor who told me, I attempted to underscore some of his ideas by uplifting them to a recognizable dimension of relevance and urgent debate.

HARTEBBEL FISHMAN
Jerusalem.

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor Sir — Moshe Kohn's critique of the American Jewish Congress Dialogue (your issue of August 2), however challenged, had the merit of stimulating considerable thought among those who followed the Dialogue.

ments of Bob himself. It seems Bob Dylan was actually somewhat of a scoundrel to many people around him. He was mean and hurtful and used people for his own good, dropping them cold to charm the next in line. The surprising thing is that they are all extremely loyal and loving still. Scaduto's achievement is the skilful connection of the words of others to paint the portrait of a 32-year-old legend.

Dylan's own apocalypse came when he realized how unwilling he was to wear the crown of thorns the fans wished him to wear. Scaduto writes well about the many deaths of Dylan and his rebirth, about his refusal to be a false prophet or to be "interpreted," about his lovers and the famous people around him, his philosophies as rather nonphilosophical. Scaduto tells about his marriage, his motorcycle accident, his return to a somewhat mystical Jewish frame of mind ("not intellectually, but intuitively"), his children (five), and his battles to escape canonization and the martyrdom which comes with it.

For Dylan maniacs, of course, this book will be a must. For folk purists who ridicule his growth away from "involvement" to folk rock, it might soften their outlook. And for everyone else who is very divorced from that sort of thing, it isn't a bad book to start a reconciliation. (Dylan celebrated his 30th birthday at the Western Wall, and has since been the subject of a new mythology — about his "return" to Judaism, supporting the Jewish Defence League, enrolling as a student at various Yeshivot.)

"An I walked my road on sung my song
Like a saddened clown
In the circus a my own world."
(written for a Joan Hooper album)

Most important, Scaduto analyzes the growth of his poetry from images defying interpretation (purposely) to his new religiosity which needs it. One can almost forget about Scaduto himself as this big verbatim recollections of Bob's close friends and enemies and com-



Bob Dylan

Joan Hooper

I WAS NEVER a Bob Dylan connoisseur, but like many of my generation, I quite like him, my singing, his words. Most of all the words. Ever since Dylan surfaced in Greenwich Village in 1960 he used his words, creating his own tales, about himself, about his life and about life in general, and screaming his talking blues. He became an unwilling prophet for folk purists and later on for a whole decade of protest.

In DYLAN: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY (N.Y., New American Library — Signet, 351 pp. \$1.50), Anthony Scaduto follows Dylan's every move from Hibbing, Minnesota, and his Jewish, middle-class parents (who do exist and from whom he never did run away, as the legend goes) through his idolization of Woody Guthrie and all of his suffering (mostly self-made) and his stardom. Scaduto has woven this necessarily new type of biography from mountains of amazing verbatim recollections of Bob's close friends and enemies and com-

JAMBOREE THEME IS CO-EXISTENCE



Story by Sarah Honig, pictures by Shalom Bar-Tal

"MARIA, MARIA, why can't we stay a little longer? We don't want the Jamboree to end so soon," a number of young Arab girl scouts from Haifa said half-pensively to their patrol leader last Tuesday. They were taking part in the week-long Israel Scouts Federation 11th Jamboree held in Ya'ar Haruvit, a hidden, almost unheard-of forest near Kibbutz Kfar Menahem. There scouts from all over Israel, as well as guests from some 20 countries around the globe, pitched their tents and turned the serene forest into a teeming, noisy community of some 18,000 youngsters.

"They love it here," pretty Marina Jubran, the patrol leader, told me with a smile. "Sure, the faucets don't always work and the food could be better, but it's the first taste of freedom for most of my girls and they like the flavour. Most of them have never been away from home on their own before and that's why they are all excited."

The Arab girl scouts were not the only ones to feel that way. I found 11-year-old Hana and some of her friends chatting loudly and sipping soda pop inside their tent. It was a tiny, khaki-coloured tent which they themselves had made and decorated with posters and slogans, which included biblical quotations, the word "love" inscribed in psychedelic colours, pictures of Laurel and Hardy as well as the emblems of all I.D.F. corps.

Such Jamborees are held once in every four years. The theme at this particular one is the 25th anniversary of the State and many scouts have been hard at work putting together impressive and often ingenious projects for the occasion. Thus, religious scouts from Tel Aviv have turned their camp into a miniature version of Jerusalem, constructed from wood, bamboo, string, paper, plaster and burlap. Their tents are not the common triangular ones, but rectangular constructions topped by domes made out of white sheets. The tent rows have Jerusalem street names and there is even a replica of the Western Wall, all complete with the moss growing out of the cracks in the stone.

In other camps one can relive the days of the "illegal" immigration in pre-state days. There are rickety, crowded, immigrant boats, maps, blown-up photographs, documents and newspaper clippings. It is all partly a historical museum display and partly a camp-out. There are camps fashioned after the tower-and-stockade settlements of the 1930s and in others War of Independence scenes have been brought to life.

I asked Maria what many Arab scouts felt about these displays. "Oh, they really like them. They don't look at the national or religious content; they just admire the craftsmanship. There are no politics at this Jamboree. Arab Catholic kids put up a structure which is supposed to represent the gate to Mary's Well. Other Arab kids put up a huge Beduin tent where people come to visit and are served coffee. Each has

his own thing and we each admire each other's work." A pretty Jewish guide, Dorit, told me that the real theme of this Jamboree is co-existence. "Arab kids visit us and we visit their tents and before you know it, friendships develop." Maria agrees. "Friendships form in places like this. At a similar meeting recently, I saw how a Jewish girl from Jerusalem and an Arab one from Nazareth became friends. They exchanged addresses and started corresponding. Soon they were visiting each other, and now even the families visit each other. My girls went off for a cook-out with some Jewish girls last night. They were late coming back, but we didn't go and fetch them—we knew that contacts were being born."

NOT ALL the Arabic-speaking scouts come from the area that constituted pre-1967 Israel: 40 of them hail from Gaza, 40 from Hebron.

Thirty of the 80 scouts at the Golan Heights Druse village of Bah'ata also made it to Ya'ar Haruvit. Fourteen-year-old Farez al-Kish and a group of his friends proudly showed me a wooden Magen David they had made for their camp site, and explained that "this is the emblem of Israel. That's why we made it."

Before I even had the chance to ask, Farez told me what he liked best about the Jamboree. "It's the Jews and the Druse together... just sitting down and talking. I see kids from different places and even different countries. I want to go to all the Jamborees. Before 1987—in the days of Syria—boys never left the village. No one ever went to places like this. Now we are free."

ONE OF THE chief attractions of the Jamboree is the camp site of the guests from abroad, and especially the tents of the 140 Americans. They tend to be less colourful than the Israeli camps and the tents are all storebought and yet the Israeli scouts keep flocking over. Why?

"On, there's some very lively trade going on here," 16-year-old Gregg Mekler of Minneapolis explained to me. "We brought a lot of badges and emblems with us and the Israelis have pretty pins and we trade. We are all getting a good deal."

Gregg said he and his pals were impressed by some of the qualities they found in the Israelis. "They are very outgoing and everyone is very friendly to us. But what strikes us all is that they are so loyal and patriotic. This is not exactly very usual among American kids."

The Americans are also impressed by the sheer size of the Jamboree. "I have never been to anything so big before," confessed Gregg. "I am also surprised to see that I feel so safe and secure here. There is fighting in the Middle East, but I don't know if the kids at the two Jamborees being held at this same time in the United States feel as secure as we do here."



Building without cement or nails. (Below) Religious scouts praying at their model of the Western Wall, part of a miniature Jerusalem.



A song-fest helps the kids to get together. (Left) Even Scout uniforms can't withstand the dictates of fashion. (Below, left) A three-storey watch-tower. (Below, right) Small-try relax with a game of chess and ease their feet.



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Youth Capital

Judy Siegel

IN THE afternoons, thousands of high-spirited children from East and West Jerusalem flexed their muscles in judo exercises and soccer games, laughed at the antics of magicians and giant puppets, and learned the rules of driving on practice tracks under the watchful gaze of stern policemen. Their mouths stuffed with popcorn, they tried their skill at knocking hats off silent cardboard men with rubber balls. After dark, gathered under garlands of dazzling lights and billowing flags, they sang and danced to the frenetic beat of rock music.

They were part of the Municipality's ten-day "Youth Capital" programme held in Sacher Park at the foot of Knesset Hill, and scheduled to close tomorrow night. This is its second year in the centre of the city; in the four previous years, located at the Youth Recreation Centre in the Jerusalem Forest, it was more difficult to reach and the activities were more limited.

Free to all comers, the "Youth Capital" is sponsored by the Municipality, the Ministry of Education and Culture, the Jerusalem Foundation, and Wizo. It is run by a council of youth-club teenage volunteers in blue or orange T-shirts, some of them living in

East Jerusalem. After careful deliberations, they came up with several special events, such as the distribution of gifts to hospitalized children in both parts of the city, tours for immigrant youth, the presentation of flowers to tourists, and a sports match between the agile children and graying "city fathers." The highlight for eight of the youngsters — four Arabs and four Jews — was a day of working and broadcasting aboard Able Nathan's Peace Ship.

Besides giving the children a good time, the goal of the "Youth Capital" is to bring Jews and Arabs together in a congenial atmosphere. Mayor Teddy Kollek, opening the programme last week, said that "there is a real desire on both sides to understand the other's unique culture and way of life. I hope ties will be made here that will continue throughout the year."

FOR SHALLY LEHMANN and Mahmud Abassi, this year's "Youth Capital" Mayor and Deputy Mayor, working together "feels natural" despite their different backgrounds.

Shally, a 17-year-old Jewish student who will be starting his army service in a few months' time, will take over Teddy Kollek's chair on the third floor of City Hall this morning and will "run the city" for the day.



Shally Lehmann (right) and his deputy, Mahmud Abassi, answer questions. (Emka)

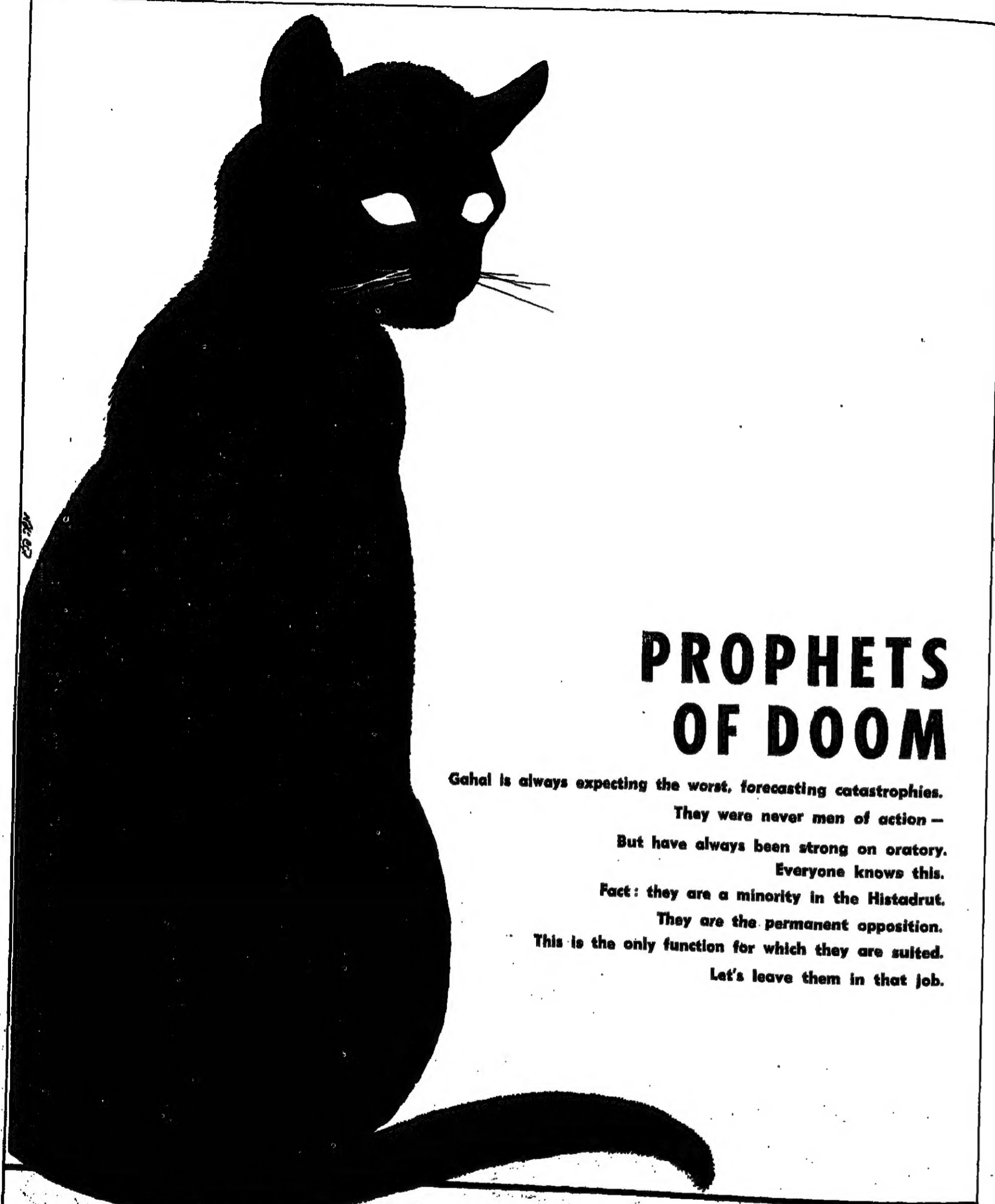
"Every young person who wishes to make a complaint may come to the Municipality today, and I will answer him," promises Shally with the ebullience of a campaigning politician. He doesn't think much of politics, though "It's too dirty; I'm going into business administration," he says.

Mahmud, an affable 18-year-old from East Jerusalem, plans to

study science at the University of Amman. But he loves Jerusalem and appreciates his increased contact with different types of people, and he intends to return. An enthusiastic soccer player, Mahmud hopes, during his day as Deputy Mayor, to discuss with the City Council the possibility of building a new sports field for Arab youth.

The consensus is that this

year's "Youth Capital" is the smoothest and most enjoyable — a real children's paradise. There have been no incidents between Arabs and Jews. As one blue-shirted volunteer said, seated in the park's craggy natural amphitheatre, "It's not Golda and Sadat sitting down to discuss peace, but at least it leads to friendship and better understanding between us."



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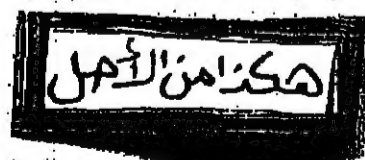
Fact: they are a minority in the Histadrut.

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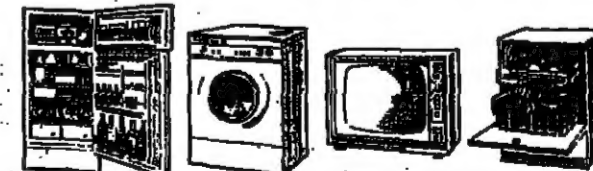
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Something from nothing

Catherine Rosenheimer

HOW TO MAKE something out of nothing... that is what Shenkar College fashion students have been learning in an experimental summer workshop during the past three weeks. When fashion lecturer Vivienne Ellenport first suggested the pilot scheme, her purpose was twofold — to give first year students practical manufacturing experience during their vacation and, at the same time, to have a break from a solid year's teaching and a chance to produce some of her own designs.

Basic for her collection was inexpensive Israeli unbleached muslin (known as *bad Aravi*). With the help of a few tips from the College's Textile Technology Department, she dyed lengths of calico to coffee, cream, olive green, pink and mulberry shades in her own washing machine to give her the basic colour range for her designs. "There were no problems with the machine — actually its drum action served to bring out the texture of the fabric — an added plus.

"I found I could only dye two and a half metres of fabric at a time, otherwise the colour went patchy, so geared my designs accordingly, limiting each dress to that quantity of muslin." Vivienne's collection was based on variations of three simple, basic patterns. Caftans were created on a



(Left) The caftan influence in dyed calico: the bib in coffee, the rest in creamy beige. Applique's consist of white lace sections. (Right) Empire line dress in olive green dyed calico. The clothes were designed by Vivienne Ellenport.

modular concept — by changing the proportions of fabric at a time, otherwise the colour went patchy, so geared my designs accordingly, limiting each dress to that quantity of muslin." Vivienne's collection was based on variations of three simple, basic patterns. Caftans were created on a

Sticking to her principle of using only inexpensive and locally available raw materials, Vivienne's finishing details were either handpainted panels — achieved

with oil-based felt-tip pens (colours are fast in cold water) — applique's of sections of old lace (found in a Tel Aviv haberdasher's) or quilted applique's or

On air-conditioning

WOULD THE BIBLE have been written if the desert had been air-conditioned? We will never know, so we can all hold our own views.

Some not entirely unrelated questions came up during a recent conversation with two young, forward-looking, and persuasive young men who are both professionally committed to air-conditioning. Dr. Yair Schapiro is an army physician with the rank of ravy-seren whose speciality is environmental physiology and who studies the effects of climate at the Heller Institute of the Sheba Hospital (Tel Hashomer). Avigdor Zilberbusch is a refrigeration technician who sells air-conditioning of all types through the firm in which he is a partner, Avikor Ltd.

In the air-conditioned room at the Institute, where we met, I was representing the minority which dislikes air-conditioning — a minority uncounted in any census, but larger than many might suspect. It is, of course, a coalition involving various attitudes: those who like the heat; those who dislike the heat but dislike air-conditioning more; those who most dislike certain kinds of air-conditioning ("I don't mind cool offices, but I get terrible headaches in air-conditioned cars"); those who have eccentric principles, involving such matters as the industrial cost of freezing offices; the tyranny of unthinking button-pushing over individual rights; or the imposed upgrading of the human organism's own physiological adaptation.

Even minority citizens, though, accept certain basics. The "excessive temperature" principle, for instance. In the desert, as both men pointed out, a "Beduin, pre-

Helga Dudman

technology existence" can be maintained without air-conditioning, but not the joys of modern office life. And, as Dr. Schapiro said, "the captives in the hijacked Japanese airliner baking on the Arabian sands would unquestionably have died without the air-conditioning system."

THEN THERE is the problem of "work." Physical labour becomes increasingly difficult as temperatures rise. But this is not always relevant, because those who shout loudest about being "unable to work without air-conditioning" are those who, like me, work sitting down; it is the inner over-heat which makes life so difficult, and that goes on in offices all winter long.

Then, too, those who need air-conditioning most — farmers, building labourers, postmen, and so on — will be among the last to get it — though Mr. Zilberbusch is proud of having recently installed a unit in the combine used in the fields of Moshav Tzafel, and Dr. Schapiro has had years of experience with physical labour in extreme temperatures. "The workers on the Eilat-Sharm highway couldn't have functioned without being able to cool off every 20 minutes or so in an air-conditioned shed."

To my shame, I have no friends who earn their living by physical labour (except housewives and domestic help), and as far as I know the heaviest present concentration of air-conditioning is in Tel Aviv offices, homes, and hotels. In local hotels, by the

way, I have heard this sort of dialogue:
American tourist, following the sun to Israel: "Does it have to be so cold in my room that I need three blankets and a sweater?"
Desk clerk: "But that is how American tourists like it."

BOTH MR. ZILBERBUSCH and Dr. Schapiro agree that many of our installations are bad, including most window units. They may have maddening side effects, such as noise, or they may be under-powered: "If you have 20 people smoking in a room, it can be impossible. Requirements must be carefully studied and systems thoughtfully planned, which they frequently are not.

To me, what is worst is the human misuse of the delicately calibrated range provided by the manufacturers' engineers: "Hi-Cool... Lo-Cool... 1 to 7... Exhaust Fan..." and all this is switched on top blast early in the morning in an empty room by some unthinking finger — because it is so easy.

Is there, I asked, a comparably wide range in human tolerance of high temperatures? Some people seem to sweat more than others, and it is said that low-blood-pressure goes with a liking for heat — especially in a *sharav*.

"Let's leave the *sharav* out of this," said Dr. Schapiro. "That's very complicated."

In the physiological range of air-conditioned drivers we saw on the road were smoking away like mad. At a stop-light, we pulled up alongside one and Mr. Zilberbusch shouted away at the woman driver, to get a testimonial for me. She didn't hear a word.

"She's separated from reality," he said. True, I suppose; though whether this is always an admirable condition, I am not at all sure. The unit is powered by the motor, and decreases kilometrage per litre of fuel by about ten per cent — not a

very subjective ground, why is it that I feel fine when most people are complaining? Why am I so bored by incessant comments about our summer weather? (If it snowed once in July, that would be a permissible topic of conversation.) Why am I entirely satisfied with my internal thermostat, even while walking around Tel Aviv at high noon with a bundle of groceries? Why do I find most air-conditioning dank, fetid, draughty?

"If you're thin," said Dr. Schapiro, "you're better off." (I am by no means thin.) Looking at me with a mixture of pity and impatience, he added, "You're probably at the bottom of the bell curve."

Mr. Zilberbusch: "Israeli women lose their looks much too early. Israeli men are exhausted and have no stamina by the evening." He was not, I take it, making any causal connection but merely pointing to what we have to gain by air-conditioning.

INSTALLING UNITS in private cars is a booming business:

"In 1989 we did about one a week. Today we do about 30." We had driven to the Institute in Mr. Zilberbusch's air-conditioned car, and naturally I was ungracious enough to dislike it. I found it noisy (not that the highway outside is all that serene), clammy, and redolent of old cigarettes.

Curiously, all three of the other air-conditioned drivers we saw on the road were smoking away like mad. At a stop-light, we pulled up alongside one and Mr. Zilberbusch shouted away at the woman driver, to get a testimonial for me. She didn't hear a word.

"She's separated from reality," he said. True, I suppose; though whether this is always an admirable condition, I am not at all sure. The unit is powered by the motor, and decreases kilometrage per litre of fuel by about ten per cent — not a

patterned fabric. Final accessories came from a stock of buttons and glass and wooden beads made in the '30s, discovered in a Tel Aviv shop which closed down recently — Vivienne bought up their entire stock!

Although a non-commercial venture, the workshop more than covered all its own costs and the limited number of garments produced during its 3-week duration were snatched up by the customers of a Haifa boutique whose owner is dying to place a repeat order! "The students derived tremendous satisfaction from it — they normally spend a whole term on each finished garment they produce. They also learned how to make quick decisions and how to design within limitations. They were paid at students' union employment rates as they would have been in any summer job."

Other Shenkar College students are spending their summer gaining practical experience in factories both in Israel and abroad as well as trying their hand free-lancing. Ten graduates of the fashion department's second year will be returning in the autumn to complete a third year for a B.A. degree. The Shenkar was recently recognised by the New York Board of Higher Education as an institution authorised to grant a B.A. degree. Paradoxically, the Israeli Board of Advanced Education is still debating the matter but will recognise the New York-approved B.A.

Shenkar Principle Dr. Nathan Brown is delighted at the results of the experimental summer workshop, keen to expand it as an after-hours activity for students throughout the year. Vivienne Ellenport is now thinking in terms of a workshop winter collection "based on a simple woven fabric produced in the school's textile department — what you might call a vertical venture."

very bright trend in terms of either pollution or inflation.

Both men agreed that much in our present way of life is "sheer madness." We touched on building standards, traffic jams, Israeli habits.

"We shouldn't try to bring Europe to this country," said Mr. Zilberbusch. "I think we get up too late and go to bed too late, and it's crazy to eat our heavy meal at noon — and to drive dark-coloured cars. And I'm sorry we stopped wearing shorts."

Air-conditioning at the Mann Auditorium he thought "geared to American dress rather than to Israeli dress." (I was there recently and did not suffer as much as previously — perhaps because I was expecting to.)

Dr. Schapiro launched into an impassioned discussion of technology, which has been running wild here these past few years without any rational direction. On the Reading Power station, without which our air-conditioning would be sadly curtailed: "It's madness to heat the sea with millions of calories, instead of using them for needed heating, as has been done in Sweden."

By now my ankles were getting cold. "You might wear stockings," said Dr. Schapiro.

It is not pleasant to live down here at the bottom of the bell curve now that new-button controls have taken over. I will not wear stockings in the summer. I keep warm by quoting Dr. René Dubois, who wrote in "Man, Medicine, and Environment": "Man finds it more convenient to air-condition his dwellings than to adapt physiologically to heat or cold," and continues:

"His invents learning aids to decrease mental effort; he takes drugs as a substitute for mental discipline; in resisting pain and overcoming fatigue, instead of making the greater effort required to cope with them through his own adaptive physiological resources."

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IT OCCURS TO ME/Hadassah Bat Haim

Boiler on the blink

REGARDING the matter of our bathroom facilities, we have now progressed from the state of having no hot water to having no water at all. Every night, we fill as many vessels as can be conveniently spared and keep them standing around for use when the main source is denied to us — a circumstance which occurs frequently and with out notice. We are lucky in that we have secured the services of a practitioner eminent in his profession who has made a preliminary survey of the situation and is preparing a report on it.

Like a Harley Street consultant called into conference, he surveys the malfunctioning object distantly but with obvious expertise, pointing out its defects to the small but respectful coterie that accompanies him. He does not convey his findings to me directly. I am, after all, merely the owner, and a layman — but speaks only to the next in line, the contractor, who passes down the orders through the chain of command.

Like his medical counterpart, who does not enquire for instance how a working housewife and mother will be able to take the world cruise and keep her feet up, he does not concern himself with the sordid details. He makes it clear, however, in a way I have observed in other professional men, that the previous conclusions of his distinguished colleagues have been ludicrous beyond belief.

The repair will certainly be both costly and prolonged, as the house seems to have been built around the boiler rather than the other way round. After taking off all the cupboard doors and knocking in a large hole in the wall, the technicians decide that though the diagnosis is probably correct, the recommended treatment cannot be implemented without dismantling the entire kitchen. My cooking equipment is already all over the floor, so that getting from the hall to the back door is an obstacle course strewn with saucepans, containers and bowls.

The process of hacking the boiler to pieces to extract it from its hiding place releases the last reserves of rust-coloured water that have been lurking in its lower depths. The lighter pots and pans are set afloat and everyone engaged in the operation, plus visitors, neighbours onlookers, advisers and the dog, just slosh about in it telling me (all except the dog, who rather likes it) how lucky I am that it isn't winter.

THERE IS NOW a long interval while we wait for the new boiler. This is such a special item that its acquisition is only achieved because the supplier and my contractor were in the army together. It looks just like an ordinary boiler to me — and I have plenty of time to inspect it, as it remains outside until the workmen can be lured back to fix it.

Conversation between me and the contractor becomes somewhat strained. The best thing I can do, he advises, is to go away and stop worrying ("him" is, I think, the unspoken word at the end of this sentence). Haven't I any friends, he asks solicitously, who would put me up for a day or two so.

His concern is touching, though unconvincing; but it fits in so exactly with my own inclinations that I hand over the key and ask if Jerusalem is far enough away. I warn him it will only be for a couple of weeks so he has no time to waste. He looks a bit startled and says, well he hadn't meant to drive me out of town, but now that he considers it, the separation would probably be good for both of us. When I come back everything will be different and we can start a new and better relationship.

As for the time, he laughs hollowly. I must be joking. Why, I could turn around and come right back and everything would be perfect. I have strong reservations about this, but keep them to myself, not wishing to end everything between us.

CULINARY NOTES/Haim Shapiro

The tasty tomato

IN NORTHERN Europe and the United States the tomato is a precious commodity and yet, whatever the housewife there pays, the tomatoes she buys — except perhaps in the British Isles — never have the succulent rich taste of those we get all summer long, and much of the rest of the year. So important is this fruit (no, it's not a vegetable) in the cuisine of the Mediterranean countries, that it is difficult to believe that it had its origin in Central America and has only been eaten in Europe since the 18th century.

A stuffed tomato can be a beautiful thing and need not have any resemblance to the scoop of tuna salad, on a quartered tomato, sitting on a crisp but tasteless leaf of lettuce, so favoured at U.S. ladies' luncheons. While cooked stuffed tomatoes are delicious, even a raw stuffed tomato can be sublime.

The particular dish has the advantage of combining the tomato with its most suitable partners — garlic, olive oil and parsley — and being simple and decorative as well.

olives (a cup) with the pits removed, and a tin of flat anchovies are mixed together and reduced to a paste. While this is trapezoidal, it may be safely carried out with a meat-grinder or even a blender. Enough olive oil is added to make the paste soft.

Cut in half about ten very ripe tomatoes. Squeeze each half in the palm of your hand to force out some of the seeds and wipe them off with the blade of a knife. With a teaspoon, spread some of the paste over each half. Leave them out of the refrigerator for at least two hours. The piquant salty sauce will infuse its flavour into the tomato.

The filling would welcome the addition of a few leaves of fresh basil, unfortunately almost unavailable in this country unless you grow your own. Another recommended addition, but not to everyone's taste, would be five or six capers. A solitary olive stunk in the centre of each tomato provides adequate decoaration.

The dish is a native of Tuscany and may be known by its very simple local name, *Pomodori ripieni* ("stuffed tomatoes").

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and that Czar Nicholas I was negotiating for a piece of land in Jerusalem, on the hill facing the Western Wall, on which to erect a cathedral (it was eventually built in what became the Russian Compound).

Rabbi Yisrael was horrified. Exclaiming, "This must never be!" he went to a closet, took out a bag filled with gold ducats and handed it to the young man.

"I entrust you with a sacred mission," he said. "Return to Jerusalem at once, secure the possession of that holy plot at any cost and start building a house of prayer there to the glory of the God of Israel."

THE CAPABLE young Hassid fully justified the Rabbi's trust in him, working strenuously to overcome the many obstacles placed in his path. By 1843, the site had been acquired and registered for the intended purpose; but it took another 15 years before the firm was received from Constantinople giving the Governor of Jerusalem permission to issue a building licence and by that time Rabbi Yisrael had been dead for eight years. Another 14 years were to pass before the construction, directed and supervised in every detail by Nissan Bak, with the moral and material support of the Ruzhin's son and successor, Rabbi Avraham Yaacov of Sadagora.

Neither Rabbi Avraham nor his five brothers had their father's charisma but, true to his prediction, they — along with their four brothers-in-law — spread his brand of Hassidism far and wide, from Sadagora and from the various centres they set up in different communities of Bukovina, Galicia and Rumania. They all bore the stamp of his nobility of spirit, his true human kindness and, above all, his all-embracing love of Jews and Eretz Israel.

The outbreak of World War I sent numerous prominent members of the family, as well as many of their adherents, westward from Eastern Europe, mainly to Vienna. Many of them had already taken an active part in the national revival, and as early as 1896 Theodor Herzl was writing in his diary: "The Wonder Rabbi of Sadagora to be brought over to the Jewish State) and installed as something like the bishop of a province."

The Holocaust put a violent end to the Jewish centres in Europe, but before World War II some members of the Ruzhin dynasty had moved to Eretz Israel. A few escaped to the United States, especially to New York, which was thus also drawn into the orbit of Ruzhin Hassidism.

THE original impulse has remained powerful through the generations and through the migrations. While the foundation stone has now been laid in the Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex, for a magnificent new synagogue, and world centres of Ruzhin Hassidism, preparations are also in progress for the rebuilding of the old Nissan Bak synagogue in the Old City, enlarged, but incorporating the original characteristics. Thus, Rabbi Yisrael's dream of a house of prayer to the glory of the God of Israel will have a double fulfilment, within and outside the walls of Jerusalem.

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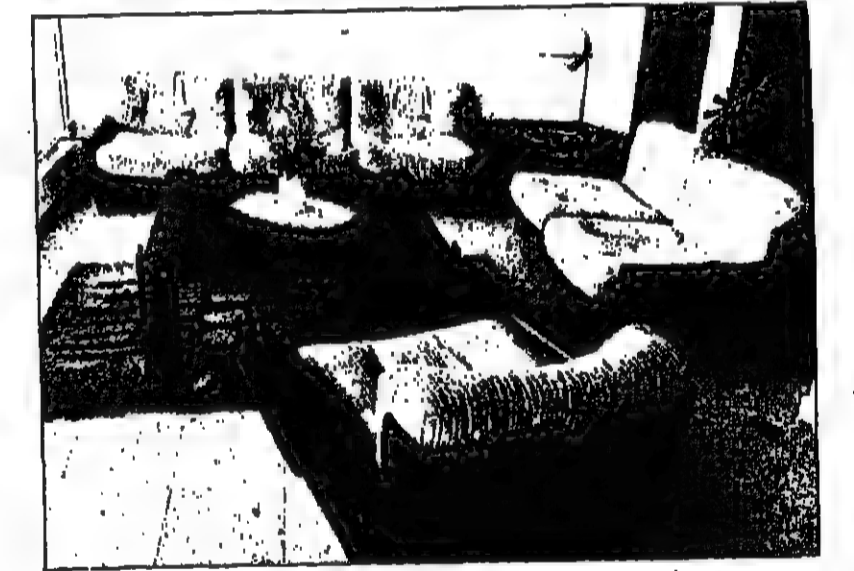
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THE FILMING ended last week in Tel Aviv of the last scenes in the pathetic story of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw educator who was "liquidated" with the 200 children of his orphanage in August 1940. The rushes have been sent to Berlin, where the editing will be done. The world premiere of the film is scheduled for October in New York, while a German version is to be shown on television in West Germany.

"The Martyr" is a co-production of CCC Film, Berlin, and ALFA Film, Tel Aviv. The men behind these firms are Artur Brauner and Jacob Alkow respectively. Mr. Brauner is a businessman, a Jew from Eastern Europe who lives mainly in Germany but has interests in many countries, including Israel. Mr. Alkow, in his young days a junior collaborator of Cecil de Mille, lives in active retirement in Herzliya. Making films in Israel is for him an emotional hobby.

The story of Janusz Korczak had haunted Mr. Brauner for years. Ten years ago he commissioned a screenplay from Alexander Ramati, a Polish writer living in Hollywood. Korczak's story was to serve as the central theme in a saga of the Warsaw ghetto, ending with the ghetto uprising.

THE FILM was to be made in Warsaw, with the cooperation of the Polish authorities. After the Six Day War, however, the Poles backed out. There were several new versions of the screenplay, the ghetto uprising was dropped, and the final script, prepared by Yosef Gross, concentrates on the last fifteen days at the Korczak orphanage.

The ghetto scenes were shot at Spandau, a poor neighbourhood in West Berlin, a stone's throw from the prison where the last of the Nuremberg prisoners, Rudolf Hess, still lingers.

"I would never have imagined that such squalour still existed in Western Europe," said Orna Porat, the Israeli actress who plays the female lead Korczak's housekeeper.

The scenes inside the orphanage were filmed in the abandoned Youth Centre off the sea front between Tel Aviv and Jaffa. About a hundred children were assembled there to play Korczak's

JANUSZ KORCZAK'S LAST FIFTEEN DAYS

Shooting has now been completed of a feature film based on the life of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw teacher who volunteered to share the fate of his pupils. SRAYA SHAPIRO visited the set while the director, who knew Korczak personally, was shooting a scene, with Leo Genn and Orna Porat.



The real Korczak and (right) Leo Genn, the well-known actor who plays him in the film.

charges. In Berlin, the orphans were played by a similar number of children of Turkish workers, but a number of the Israeli children were flown over to Germany so that some of the same ones would appear throughout the picture.

KORCZAK'S NAME is revered by everyone who lived in Poland between the two world wars. The son of a Jewish lawyer in Warsaw, Henryk Goldszmit studied to be a physician, but he became famous for the children's stories he published under the *nom de plume*, Janusz Korczak. His views on education found favour in many quarters, and Hashomer Hatzair regarded him as a trail-blazer.

Though he was offered the opportunity of staying here when he visited the country in 1939, he preferred to return to Warsaw, which he felt to be the only place he could live. But in his ghetto journal, which was published recently, he recorded his hope of writing a romantic novel about young kibbutzniks in the Bnei Brak. He was given a chance of escaping from the ghetto, but would not leave "his" children, whom he took dancing, to the train that led them to the extermination camp.

Alexander Ford, the Polish-born director of "The Martyr," knew Korczak personally.

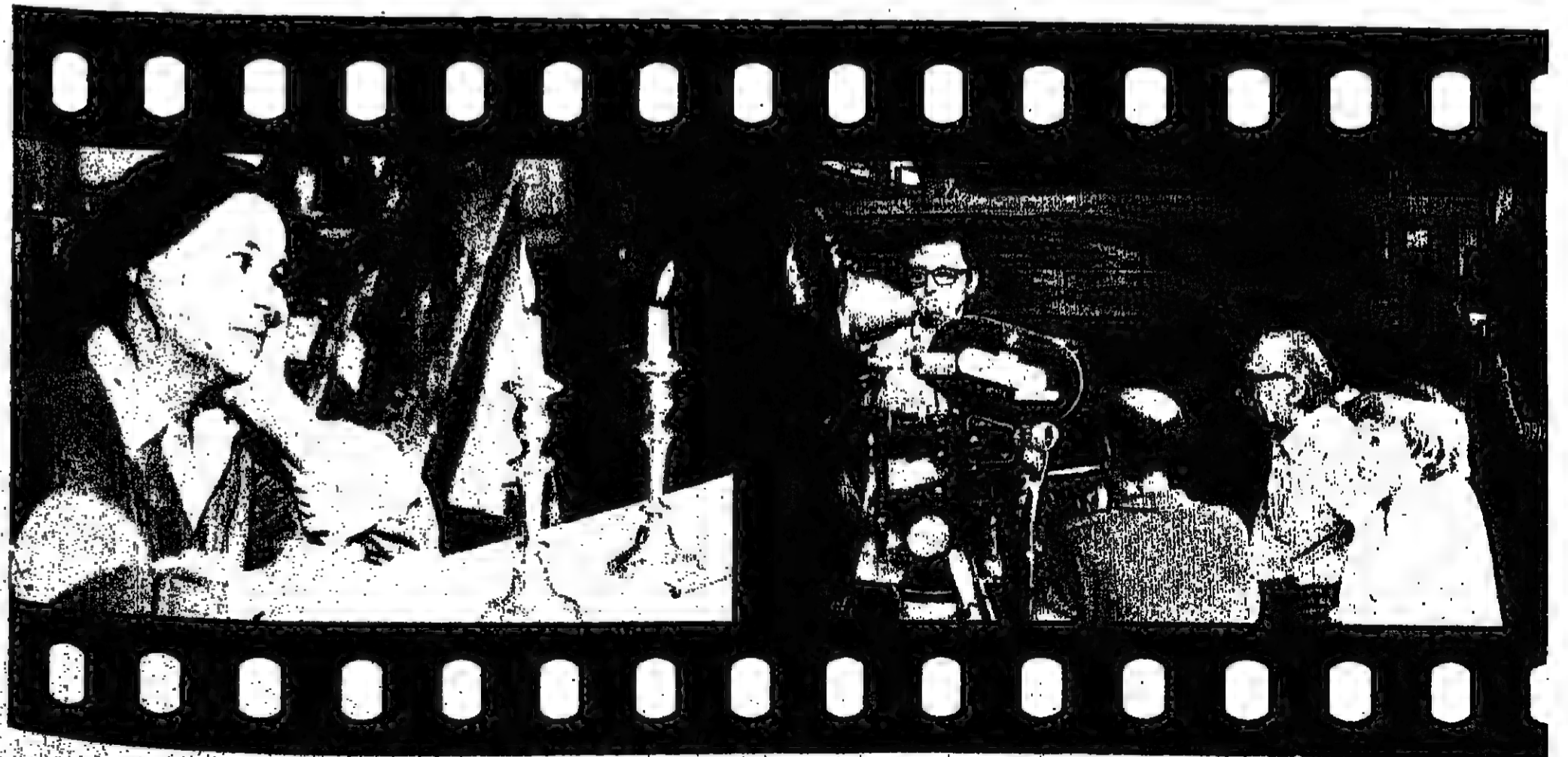
"He gave me a vivid description of the man, his ideals and his foibles," said Leo Genn, who plays Korczak in the film. Mr. Genn, a noted British stage and screen actor, played with Laurence Olivier in the film of "Henry V" and also appeared in "Moby Dick" and the French version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

"I first heard of Korczak when I was working at the Bergen-Belsen camp after the war, as a member of the British Intelligence mission investigating Nazi war crimes," said Mr. Genn.

After spending his first three weeks in Israel, "like a troglodyte on the set," he expected to tour the country with his wife. "This is one of the places I have always wanted to visit," he said.

The junior female lead in the film is played by Efrat Lavi, the girl who recently played opposite Yoram Gaon in "Kazablan."

(Left) Orna Porat who plays Korczak's housekeeper. (Right) One of the "orphans" listens to a discussion between Alexander Ford, the director, and the camera crew.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THIRTEEN



HOW TO RENT A CAMEL

Story and pictures by Charles Weiss

ISRAEL'S NEW FRONTIER is to the West, in the deserts of Sinai. This vast territory is a constant challenge to the hardy. The tenderfoot travel by scenic bus or plane, with food ready and waiting at each camp site. We travel like the Beduin do, by camel.

When we started, we wore two newspapers with a great idea: our only problem was, how to carry it out. The wisest move we made was interesting a Hebrew University anthropologist in joining us. Israel Stockman is an expert on Beduin dialects and customs, and what's more, could even pass himself off as an authority on camel flesh. He was invaluable.

There are no rent-a-camel agencies in Sinai. Once you've decided where you want to go to, there are two ways you can set about getting the transportation. One is to deal with the principal sheikhs in the area, pay them and have them assign someone for the job. The other is to try to make contact with independent camel operators and hire them and their beasts.

Our first target was the "sheikh of sheikhs" in southern Sinai, Sheikh Ereik Abu Abdullah. He commands the loyalty of the seven principal tribes in the south, all told about 11,000 Beduin. He wasn't home when we called at one of his encampments near Dahab, on the east coast of Sinai. He was off somewhere in the interior. Try again.

AT WAD A-TUR, a big Beduin camp near the oasis of A-Tur on the Gulf of Suez, we sought out Gharebys Abu Atig, a minor sheikh but a controversial one. A tall, dark-skinned man of about 35, with a royal presence, he fit the popular idea of what a Beduin prince should look like. He wore long black robes and affected a thin moustache. Instead of galloping on a white charger, he careered around the encampment in a cream-colored Chevrolet pick-up truck.

Our anthropologist was interested in him chiefly as an example of the impact on traditional Beduin life of modern Egyptian and Israeli influences. Abu Atig was a peculiar mixture of Mafia tendencies superimposed on tribal custom. He had the reputation of running the protection racket among the fishermen in the port. He reportedly took his retainer in either cash or fish. He also received the IL176 a month from the Military Government, pays all the sheikhs. He kept up two homes in Wad A-Tur, one for each of the two wives, he had with him. An indication of his cosmopolitan status was that one was not from his own but from a neighboring tribe. He had had a third wife. She was Egyptian, and Stockman described her as a plump sexpot, a sharp contrast to the undernourished Beduin types. She had left him after the Six Day War to go home to her folks on the other side of the Gulf.

Abu Atig was also said to have a finger in the hashish-smuggling trade from Lebanon and Turkey through Syria, Jordan and Saudi, then by small boat to Sinai, by camel to the west coast and again by sea to Egypt. The smugglers also dabble in intelligence information as a sideline, and Sheikh Abu Atig had run

afoul of the law on this count, though nothing had been proved against him.

THE SHEIKH listened courteously to Stockman's request, but would only promise to see what he could do. A day passed and he did nothing. Then by word of mouth, an Egyptian living in A-Tur got wind of our need of camels and offered his services. After an hour or so of talk over a series of cups of coffee, Stockman turned him down. He told us the Egyptian seemed untrustworthy.

Another fellow turned up, a tubercular local type named Mohammed, who never smiled. It was here that Stockman won our respect. After the usual time-consuming courtesies and negotiations, Stockman broke off the talks on the grounds that Mohammed wanted too much money. The latter stalked off angrily. Stockman assured us that he would be back. We were not so sure.

But the following morning Mohammed showed up, this time with a more acceptable offer and the promise of four camels. He also brought along a partner, Suleiman, a tough, wizened little man with a ready smile. It seemed that no one had four camels of his own, but Mohammed and Suleiman, with one apiece, could scrounge the other two. The negotiations became more down to earth, and a bargain was struck on IL140 a day for the four camels and the two drivers, plus a sack of grain. This turned out to cost IL20.

WE SET OUT early the next day. Wiry, short-legged Suleiman waddled tirelessly out in front, easily keeping ahead of the lead camel. Mohammed dourly brought up the rear.

The sun raced to the zenith as we plodded through barren wastelands behind A-Tur that quickly turned into a broad expanse of sand, a true desert. Here and there was a kind of prickly sour cactus that one camel or another would stop to munch on, leaving his rider holding on precariously as he peered down the long slope of the camel's neck.

After three hours we made our first stop, at an unshaded rock like all the other rocks we could see. Here we had our first experience of hunting for firewood in a country where nothing grows. It seems that there are always bits of twigs, no matter how barren the scene may look. It could be that we scavenged the flotsam of a decade of flash floods for our breakfast coffee.

It was also the first time that we saw Stockman bake Beduin bread. He took a little flour and water, kneaded it into dough and threw this straight into the fire. Inside of fifteen minutes, we had tasty, if sooty, bread.

My camel was an unfriendly, apathetic type who refused to respond to any of the overtures — a few gentle pats, a soft word — with which a horse can be coaxed. When I spoke to him, he would just stare back with bored, incomprehending disdain. I remounted with trepidation.

We now entered on what had once been a road. It was Saket Abbas Basha, a barely discernible twin row of stones going in a perfectly straight line all the way

to the mountains in the distance. Saket Abbas Basha was built in the last century by an Egyptian pasha, who had been banished to a castle in Sinai not far from Santa Katerina. The stones were the remains of the camel track which led to the castle.

All I'd been told about the rocking motion of a camel being upsetting was simply not true. My difficulty was finding a place for my legs, not seasickness. I just couldn't find a comfortable position.

We stopped for another break just before entering the pass into the mountains. It was here that I found that not only had I been uncomfortable in the saddle, horn had opened big sores on my backside. From here on through Wadi Hilbran, Wadi Salaf and all the way to the Firan Oasis on the main road to Santa Katerina, I walked. My companions — including Suleiman, who, as my camel driver, had expected to do the whole expedition on foot, rode.

In the next three days, we covered more than 50 km. of some of the most magnificent terrain imaginable. And to all intents and purposes completely empty: during the whole time we ran into people twice.

On the morning of the second day, two Beduin shepherd girls crossed our path. They were careful to keep their distance, and dashed a little way up the side of the wadi so as not to get too close.

Stockman wheedled them into conversation, sending us on ahead in order not to frighten them. It turned out that they belonged to the Hus'at tribe, which has its base in Saudi and is looked down on in Sinai. The girls weren't suspicious only of us.

THE SPARSE VEGETATION at the mouth of the wadi gradually gave way to barrenness as we moved further inland. Underfoot was mostly the silt of generations of floods, a kind of everlasting memory of the passage of water in some remote era. The almost sheer border walls of the wadi were a deep burgundy colour.

Passing a head in the twisting canyon, on the second day, we came on a rare sight — a lush truck-garden, all of half a dunam in size. Two men were pulling up buckets of water from some subterranean source and watering the patch by means of a primitive wooden sluice system. With Stockman's help, we tried to find out why it was called Bir Nasrani (Well of the Christians). The men did not know. They pressed a drink on us. The water was warm and slightly brackish. The tomatoes, corn and green peppers they were tending didn't seem to mind.

Camping out in Wadi Hilbran was an adventure in itself. The sun disappears quickly in the canyon, and absolute darkness takes over. We scrounged around for an hour to gather enough wood for a fire. Stockman went through his bread-baking routine and we opened cans of bully beef and peas.

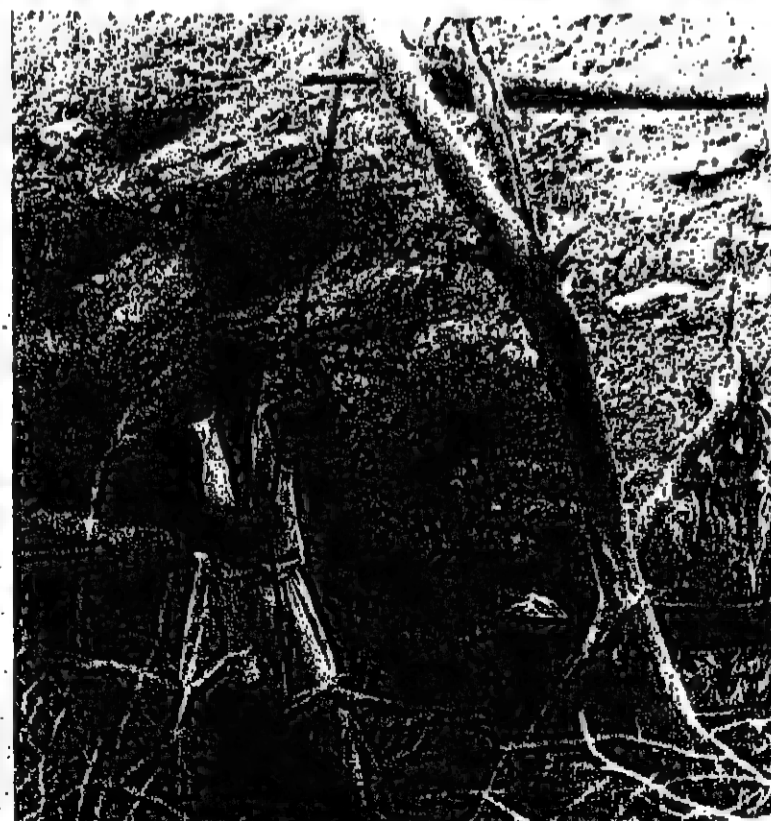
The camel drivers shared everything we have for dinner, but under some kind of unwritten union rules they sat out the wood-gathering stage. They were in charge of making coffee, however. By eight o'clock we were



Stockman, Suleiman (in the centre) and Mohammed bargaining before we left A-Tur. Negotiations were concluded only next morning.



On the trail in Wadi Hilbran. (Below) Drawing water at Bir Nasrani.



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Mendel Kohansky

Danger of turning mute

A FRIEND VISITING New York has sent me a newspaper cutting, together with a poster, announcing the impending opening of the Burstein Theatre, right in the center of the entertainment district, on West 43rd Street. The theatre's first offering is "Mein Mamme der General." The eponymous Bursteins are, of course, our old friends Lillian (also known by her maiden name Lux) and Pesachke, who have been acting and singing and hoofing and whistling on the stage for more years than the oldest Yiddish theatre fan can remember. Several years ago the Bursteins made a big splash in Israel with their "Megillah," based on a cycle of poems by the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger, which ran for months and months and was seen by thousands who had never thought they would go to the Yiddish theatre. Then, before leaving for their present sojourn in the U.S., they made another splash, this one confined only to the regular fans, with a ten-week-long special called "Die Rebbitzen fun Bnei Brak."

I shall never forget Lillian Burstein as the widowed Bnei Brak rebbitzen visiting the U.S. to raise funds for a religious orphanage, making an appeal in a Brooklyn synagogue, dressed in a slinky, clinging, sexy dress,



Samuel Avital

frugging and betting out a Yiddish-Rumanian song. No wonder her appeal was so successful that she not only raised a large sum for the orphans, but also married the richest man in the congregation — played, of course, by her real-life husband.

The Tel Aviv run over the Bursteins took the "Rebbitzen," Brak rebbitzen visiting the U.S. to raise funds for a religious orphanage, making an appeal in a Brooklyn synagogue, dressed in a slinky, clinging, sexy dress,

barred to civilians, but soon has all the men there, from the commander down, eating blitzes out of her hand. Never one to miss a trick, Lillian Burstein is shown in the poster wearing a uniform, a steel helmet, and a patch over one eye.

Avital teaches his students to discover their own individuality, to be constantly aware of their own feelings and thoughts, and from there to reach out to the feelings and thoughts of others — all of which can be achieved by rigidly disciplining the body. With a gleam in his eye, he says through exact attention to the complete fulfillment of the action that one attains its true beauty.

On a Saturday afternoon, the people of Boulder can see Avital and his students perform in the park — after parading through the streets to drum up an audience. There is no entrance fee, but if an appreciative spectator offers a donation for the school, it is gratefully accepted. The school has a beautiful name: The Centre of Silence.

A RECENT VISITOR from the other side of the American theatrical curtain was Richard Watts, the "New York Post" critic. In his "Random Notes" column, a copy of which I have just received, he sums up his impressions thus: "People in Israel don't care a great deal for the theatre...there are many earnest playwrights and a number of plays are offered both (in Tel Aviv) and in Jerusalem, but I don't believe there is vast enthusiasm for the drama as an art form." He concludes wistfully: "Perhaps it is one of the similarities with New York."

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Music's missionaries

WHY DO CONCERT artists of the first rank coming here at the height of summer after a long, long season of continuous travel and many exacting performances, for three or four concerts at the Israel Festival — why do they instead of resting and enjoying life run around like mad, work like mad, think like mad in order to help the cultural-musical culture? Mad? Slightly, perhaps, but they look to me more like men possessed, missionaries of music-making — and missionaries, indeed, because they want to share their knowledge and love of music with others — the young and the not-so-young people of Israel.

Pablo Casals, at 98, is working with the Festival Youth Orchestra in the mornings together with Alexander Schneider; the Eugene Istomin-Isaac Stern-Leonard Rose Trio, with Schneider, devote nearly every free moment to young chamber music groups who come to him for advice. It is not that these young people cannot improve their knowledge and performance with local teachers and artists — we have just had some very fine chamber music summer courses at Zikhron Yaacov (directed by Rami Shevelov) and at Ein Karem (headed by Professor Boris Schwartz), as well as the International Youth Orchestra of the Jeuneses Musiciens and the Gadsra Orchestra — but is there any end to learning and improving? Is there only one way to play certain pieces of music, a definitive interpretation?

To explain what I mean let me describe one of these afternoon sessions — held, since the new Music Centre at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim is not yet ready, either at the Jerusalem Khan or the Jerusalem Theatre, on the stage or in a rehearsal room, whichever is available.

The violinists of the quartet we are watching are Rina and David, both about 23, who came from Russia a three-and-a-half years ago; Tel Aviv-born Yuval, already 27 and since last year a member of the IPO, plays the viola; and Dani, not yet 16, a kibbutznik from Givat Brenner, is the cellist. They met a month ago at Rami Shevelov's summer school, decided to play together, and chose their music — a string quartet by Brahms.

Eugene Istomin is in charge of this all-strings session and his three colleagues start off as listeners. Since the youngsters don't understand English very well, Russian is used as the lingua franca — "Sasha" Schneider speaks a very Russian English anyway, even after more than 30 years in the United States. Isaac Stern's Russian is more halting and American, Leonard Rose uses English exclusively, and sometimes terms are translated into Hebrew.

In close to two hours, one-and-a-half movements of the Brahms quartet are played and re-played, first one and then another of the three breaking in, sometimes more than one at a time. Finishing, phrasing, accents, signs for entries, expression, timing, vibrato, dynamics, balance, bowing — all these and more are taken up, discussed, criticized, alternatives suggested and demonstrated, until a consensus approves the change.

On the grand piano lies Isaac Stern's precious Quartet, worth about a quarter of a million dollars. Sasha and Isaac take it up in turns to demonstrate what they mean, Leonard Rose borrowing Dani's cello for this purpose. From time to time, one or other of them shoos a student from his chair and sits in with the remaining three to clear up a point and let them hear what is good and what is not so good.

The older musicians have not adopted any preconceived "line" — they argue and discuss with the young ones what is best and why. They refrain scrupulously from voicing any criticism of teachers or their systems — their only object is to get the young players more involved to loosen them up, to open up the faculties of emotional expression, to clarify things and in general, to make them play more musically.

One could only wish that all those connected with the musical education of these budding talents had been there to watch, to participate in the discussion and in the search for a better way of making music. Although in this short session — there are many others waiting for theirs — only the surface can be scratched, it is undoubtedly a revelation for these youngsters to have their eyes and ears opened in this way, and even one short session can point the direction for the future.

In an ideal state of affairs, teachers and graduate students, orchestra musicians and chamber music players could be expected to avail themselves of such a precious opportunity of coming into contact with a new approach to compare their own way and, maybe, face the possibility of an alternative. The trouble is that many people are afraid that as artists and teachers, their status — which is far worse — are so satisfied with themselves that they don't even feel the need to look at anything new.

The argument we often hear against the visitors — "Is it so bad here?" — could be answered with "No, but why don't we



Isaac Stern teaching a class of new-immigrant young musicians at Jerusalem's Khan.

help musicians realize more of the beauty dormant in music-making. Auditioning, advising, listening, rehearsing makes them forget their regular meal times, they had buses and coffee, and Stern smoked huge cigars continuously. Why? Nobody wants to create another music school; nobody is looking for students, nobody is hoping for (or in need of) personal gain. So why do they do it? Simply mad music missionaries all!

AT THE END of the session, the young string quartet get up from their chairs, a bit exhausted perhaps, but their animated faces expressing more eloquently than words the excitement of their experience. They are sent off with a friendly "Now, practise at home and come back next week." There can be no doubt that they will spend the week trying to apply all they have learned at this session. Music for them will never be the same again. It will be richer, deeper, more exhilarating, more gratifying.

IN THE PAST, quite a number of promising Israeli talents were taken to the United States for further study and never returned here except as visitors. The intention is to reverse this trend and eventually to have students coming here for their studio and musical development. That, however, needs an appropriate attitude on the part of the local people in the profession — active participation in and discussion of all the issues without the fear that this may detract from their professional prestige.

Meanwhile, Isaac Stern, Alexander Schneider, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin continue to break their heads over what to do to

TORAH AND FLORA/L.I. Rabinowitz

The Pomegranate

Portion of the Week, Deut. 7, 12-11, 25
Hajjars: Ia. 49, 14-51, 5
The verses discussed are Deut. 8, 8 and Ia. 49, 25



THE NAME ASSIS is by now internationally known as the trade name of one of Israel's products which is extensively exported — fruit juice, especially citrus. The word in fact means fruit juice. It occurs in this week's Haftara and in five other places in the Bible, but only once, in the Song of Songs 8, 2, is it connected with the juice of a specific fruit, that of the pomegranate.

As I write these lines, my memory goes back over 30 years to the Sabbath table of the late Annie Landau, principal of the Evelina de Rothschild School for Girls in Jerusalem, the uncredited but universally recognized Queen of Jerusalem. One of the outstanding characteristics of that table was the huge decanters of pomegranate juice.

This week's portion includes the *loshon klassicus* of the enumeration of the agricultural products of the Land of Israel in Biblical times, those seven products which the Rabbin call the glory of the Land of Israel. They are, in that order, wheat, barley, figs, the vine, pomegranates, olives and dates ("devarsh"). In this column I have, over the years, written extensively of six of them; the pomegranate, although it has not been entirely neglected, I have referred to the seeds of the pomegranate, which are regarded as symbolical of the traditional 613 commandments of the Bible, and to the best of my knowledge there is only one other instance of the Rabbin using the characteristic of the pomegranate for homiletical purposes. The question is how R. Meir could allow himself to continue to receive instruction from the famous — or infamous — Ellsh ben Abuys, the arch-apostate of the Talmud, after he had abandoned Judaism, in view of the injunction that one should study only under a teacher who is "like unto an angel of the Lord."

The Talmud answers: "R. Meir was different. He was like a man, and in that order, wheat, barley, figs, the vine, pomegranates, olives and dates ("devarsh"). In this column I have, over the years, written extensively of six of them; the pomegranate, although it has not been entirely neglected, I have referred to the seeds of the pomegranate, which are regarded as symbolical of the traditional 613 commandments of the Bible, and to the best of my knowledge there is only one other instance of the Rabbin using the characteristic of the pomegranate for homiletical purposes. The question is how R. Meir could allow himself to continue to receive instruction from the famous — or infamous — Ellsh ben Abuys, the arch-apostate of the Talmud, after he had abandoned Judaism, in view of the injunction that one should study only under a teacher who is "like unto an angel of the Lord."

That reply implies that the peel of the pomegranate was quite useless, but this is not in accordance with the facts. Time and again the Talmud refers to a valuable use of the peel of the pomegranate, as an ingredient in dyeing.

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All too predictable TV programming

RETURNING TO my nightly vigil in front of the altar of our day, after playing truant watching and listening to the waves of the ocean and the New Waves of the cinema, I wish I could report how fresh and rare I find Israeli television. Alas! It is not so. The programmes have a grim and ponderous inevitability about them. They are as lacking in surprise as a marriage that has gone sour and stale: one does not need to look at the Guide to know what is coming.

One of the suggestions made by Sir Hugh Greene in his recent report was that Television House should break out of the rigid framework in which it has imprisoned itself, that it should bring in some elements of surprise into its programming. Professor Elhu Katz, our first TV Director, working with even more meagre resources than are now available, had the same idea. Perhaps it would make for some sort of interest if programmes went a bit wild, like a runaway tram leaving the tracks, so that we would not know weeks ahead what was planned for every single minute. I know that both television and radio audiences are said to be creatures of habit, determined to see their news or Ironside or Hawaii, or to miss their this or that educational item at a set hour; furthermore, they plan their bridge or rummy dates so as to avoid what is most easily forgone.

All this is very true, and applies to most stations. But we have been told *ad nauseam* that there is so little money available and so many established interests to placate that we cannot expect to get anything more than the barest sketches of real programmes. This being the case, perhaps Professor Katz was right: they should keep the audience on their toes by not letting them know what they are going to get till the last possible moment.

ANOTHER THING that strikes me forcibly is how tight I have always been in my complaints about cynicism as to identities. "Time" magazine claims that "names make news"; this principle is treated with haughty contempt on Israeli television. Per-

for all to see. Of course, I'm not suggesting for a moment that we have to do exactly what a bunch of foreigners does, merely because they have been in the business so much longer, but still, we can learn a little from them — without acknowledging it, of course.

The "Moked" programme itself was rather disappointing, despite the sincerity of the participants. For one thing, Teddy Kollek never lost his temper once; on the other hand, he only smiled once. The complaints and criticisms were old and have lost their ability to shock us into renewed fury, apart from the Wolfson Towers and the Plaza Hotel. None of the critics indicated how we can house all the settlers and tourists who want to fulfil the Biblical blessing and go up to Jerusalem, without building apartments and hotels to house them. So Teddy and Meron Benvenisti had a comparatively easy passage. I had plenty of better points to make about what's wrong with Jerusalem...

There was a first class programme, "Court of Enquiry" on Monday night, and I would love to give credit to all concerned for their contributions. David something ran the show very prettily: lawyers Eli Zohar and Yoram Elroy I recognized from previous occasions. This was one of the best efforts in the series. The enquiry was devoted to the question of whether we are bringing up our children to hate the Arabs. It began with some marvellous shots of incredible Israeli children, looking like propaganda photographs for the U.S.A., and many of them talking with a sagacity which their elders could equal. Some don't like Arabs because they are different, look strange, talk poor Hebrew, stare at them oddly on the way to school, or have been warned by their parents not to talk to unknown Arabs.

Others, more wisely raised, demanded of the interrogator: "Which Arabs are you talking about? What Arab in particular? Do you mean all Arabs?" A most remarkable blond boy added to these questions the comment, "The Arab is like everybody else — you have to get to know him before you can decide."

We were also introduced to two remarkable young Arabs, both very good-looking and sensitive — in fact, they would probably be taken for sabras in the street — who described what it feels like to be members of a minority race in the Jewish Homeland. I for one was filled with compassion — I was reminded of somebody in the democratic West explaining what it feels like to be a Jew. They agreed that there is no formal education to hate or despise Arabs, but complained of a lack of understanding and insight.

NUMEROUS FILMS were shown depicting Jews threatening Arabs after terrorist acts, but David rightly pointed out that it is unfair to isolate such acts out of context. The wonder is how well we get on with the Arabs in the light of the situation, which torments both them and us.

The overall impression that emerged for me was that this question of our attitude to the Arabs should be the major philosophical and ethical preoccupation of our era. I don't think so-called "discrimination" against Sephardim or new immigrants or Orthodox or "bastards" is a problem — the overriding national ethos of our all being Jews together, determined to make a success of our first chance in 2,000 years, transcends all these differences. But, whatever the political future of the area, we are going to have to work out a real relationship with the Arabs who share this region with us, or future generations may slither into all kinds of spiritual quicksands.

OTHER PEOPLE'S radio sets sometimes snap you back to your own. It was not until the first stanza of the old international had come surging through from two balconies facing mine on Saturday morning that I tuned in to "Do-Re-Mi-and-Who-E-I-se?" on the Second Programme. By then there was not much left of this tribute to the late Avraham Shlonsky as translator, but I found even the tail-end fascinating, because there is nothing to beat superb professionalism and Shlonsky's translations achieved just that.

I worried briefly about whether our new immigrants from Russia might have unfortunate reactions on hearing the rolling cadences of "Arie, ye Prisoners of Starvation" in post-Upan Hebrew, though of course that catchy tune has been out in Russia for some time now. The final selections, too, were pure and silver-toned Old Left — three songs from "The Three-Penny Opera." Shlonsky's translations, I thought, made them sound exactly as though Brecht had written originally in Hebrew, which somebody then translated quite well into German; and that is just about what the commentator later pointed out. It was precisely Shlonsky's inspired poetic licence, he observed, that made his transpositions so powerful. He gave as an example one first line. The German original goes, more or less, "In a time/Already long gone by," Shlonsky's Hebrew is hardly a literal translation, but it turns out to be perfect: "There once were times/And they will not return."

A somewhat minor point for a hot Saturday morning with hot news coming on the hour, but this is the kind of detail which, in its day, made literary Russians here swear that Puushkin's "Yevgeni Onegin" by Shlonsky was the equal of "Yevgeni Onegin" by Puushkin. Arik Lavi, by the way, sings Brecht beautifully; so does Yossi Banai. Is this due to Shlonsky, or to some mysterious affinity?

OTHER PEOPLE'S media are not always benevolent. For the times they are not, here is a household hint called "Defensive Radio Listening": When somebody else's radio is on at a maddening blast, tune your sets to the same wavelength, but keep it very low. This gives the illusion that it is all coming from your set, and if only you care to, you could turn the thing off and have quiet. Or birdsong.

WITH SOME apprehension I tuned in to "Listen Properly" (First Programme, Thursday 2100), a repeat of a 1970 programme in which a panel of music experts listened to unidentified selections, and then told us what they heard in their attempt to pin down the composer. I was apprehensive, not because I am "afraid of classical music" which another programme tells us not to be, but because I am incapable of listening properly when critics of any medium start telling me what is Good and what is Bad.

There was no ground for worry, because the experts were not condescending and did not know all the answers. They thought out loud about musical elements ("It must be very modern, because there is no organic connection between the two parts...") This had to do with a work by Charles Ives, which the panel post-dated by an average of 40 years.) The

Defensive radio listening hints

audience (at the Kibbutz Seminar, "Oranim") was giggly and far from browbeaten; and in general the elements of this programme, produced by Gideon Rosegarten, seemed perfectly suited to radio and requiring no additions from another medium. When the subject is purely aural, I for one have no wish to have to look at the panel, crouched over some over-patterned, studio-decor rug. "Too bad we aren't on television," came the voice of the moderator, just as I was feeling satisfied. The point was that the Ives piece involves a visual bit of orchestration: the strings, representing the superficial tranquility of those who refuse to ask the eternal question as to the meaning of life? are on one side of the stage. Wind instruments, dissonant and insistently raising this embarrassing question, are on another side. Trumpets (whose role I missed because the doorbell rang) are off somewhere else.

All three compositions heard in this programme were relatively modern, which may help to explain the acceptability of the game; no poor old critic has to get up and tell us why this music is great, and many modern composers are themselves engaging in purely intellectual adventures, which are often the conscientious "breaking of rules."

"I AM QUITE schizophrenic on this whole business of reading poems," said Hanna Marron to Didi Menuasi on the Army Programme's "The Short Friday" (1995). It was a disarmingly dubious and understated puff for the "Bialik Evening" which opened the following day in Jerusalem. Poetry is an intimate medium, and she doubted whether actors should appear on stages to read poems. (Why can't advertisers learn this elementary principle of persuasion?)

She then proceeded to read ("But just for you, Didi!") a little-known and contemporary-sounding poem by Bialik, which made Didi Menuasi wonder why that one was never studied at school.

Much of this was, of course, lost on one who never studied any Bialik at school, but the pace and lightness and intelligence of this programme contains such varied fare that there is always something for everybody. Hanna Marron followed Mr. Kach, a little-known and contemporary-sounding poem by Bialik, which made Didi Menuasi wonder why that one was never studied at school.

INTERVIEWERS, by the way, seem to be born and not made, and the Army Programme has discovered that composers and producers (Menuasi and Agmon) know how to keep question programmes going better than many who have no other job.

Rafi Gil, of the Pori Institute, explained why some political polls turn out to be wrong: because a poll merely "photographs" people's intentions at the instant they are questioned, and "people change their minds — they say one thing one week, and then vote another way the next." Funny, I thought this was one thing they never did in this country: change their minds. Except that this year, what one hears — and without scientifically constructed questionnaires — is that all sorts of people have no intention of voting for anybody at all.

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No dice!

Ephraim Kishon

A STORM broke out across the ocean over a movie whose action takes place in this country, all of which was shot in this country, and which most probably will never be shown here. We are referring to "Jesus Christ Superstar," the New Musical Covenant between the Almighty and the Rolling Stones. The success of the movie is a foregone conclusion; it is bound to break all box office records, if for no other reason than the protest voiced by Rabbi Tenenbaum and his colleagues.

The respected rabbi, head of

one of the most important Jewish organizations in the United States, raised his voice in a surprisingly factual and restrained way, against the anti-Semitic flavour of the religious rock opera, which, in his view, fastens collective guilt on the Jews, presents the rabbis of the time as fanatics wearing black kaftans, and once again washes the white hands of the Roman procurator Pontius Pilate.

We are inclined to agree with Rabbi Tenenbaum. However, it is difficult to present a passion play in which the Jews emerge as likeable, just as it is difficult to shoot the Exodus without upsetting Pharaoh's adherents. Only a great director like Cecil B. De Mille was able to carry off this mission impossible in "The Ten Commandments," but of this film it may be safely said that we liked the book more. We can assume that in this case, the producers of "Superstar" did not make any special attempt to adhere to the version of the crucifixion portrayed in the original stage musical. Still, we have certain doubts regarding the protest

of the respected rabbi. In our view, the time has now come to stop cooperating with the Gentiles in this field.

WE JEWS have been cooperating with them for 1973 years. In every generation, we submit an order nisi against the ruling Pope and ask him to show cause why he should not stop levelling such accusations against us. We expect the Holy See to exonerate us, and we forget that popes as a rule belong to the Catholic creed, and that Catholics are nurtured on anti-Jewish sentiments from the age of two weeks.

Personally we met this problem in the gym hall of our primary school in Budapest, when Gusti the Bully accosted us and remarked: "You killed Jesus." "So help me, it's not true." I checked on the matter at home. My father categorically denied the accusation and I believed him. I cross-examined daddy, tasted him wherever he went; if he had been involved in Jesus' (Continued on page 54)



Ted Neeley, who plays Jesus, and Marcha McBroom, one of the cast.

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FRIDAY
8.00 The Partridge Family. 8.25 Erev Shabbat Programme. 8.50 Shabbat Song. 9.15 Weekly Magazine. 9.50 The Julie Andrews Hour. 9.55 "Pavilion" — documentary drama as the composer Robert Schumann. 11.05 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.55 Full-length film. 7.45 News. 8.00 Programme review. EDUCATIONAL: 4.00 Story. 4.18 A game on words. 4.28 Sing a Song.

SATURDAY
8.00 Harnavdi. 8.30 Mahat. 9.00 Ironside. 9.50 Mahat Sport. 10.30 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.52 Messages to relatives and friends. 6.59 Innovations and Inventions. 6.55 Drama. 7.15 News.

SUNDAY
8.30 News Headlines. 8.52 The Healy Beach. 8.50 01-01-01. 9.00 Julia. 9.30 Jistat. 9.50 War and Peace. 9.55 The United Jewish Appeal — documentary. 10.25 News. ARABIC: 6.30 News Headlines. 6.32 The Forest Rangers. 7.00 Nature in Asia. 7.30 News and Weekly Magazine.

MONDAY
5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 Pompon. 5.40 "There is music and there is music." 6.00 Youth Magazine. 6.30 Mahat. 6.50

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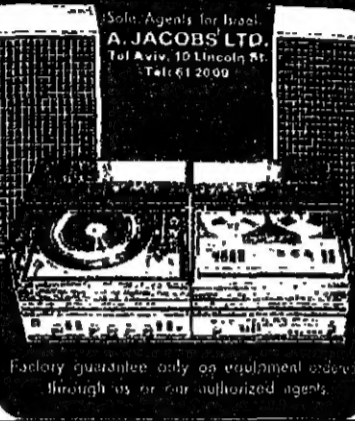
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THIS WEEK AT THE FESTIVAL August 17 - 23

BALLET FOLKLORICO DE MEXICO
General Director and Choreographer — AMALIA HERNANDEZ
75 dancers, singers and musicians
Today, August 17—Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Matinee 3 p.m.
August 18 and 19—Caesarea—National Park, Roman Theatre
(18th—9 p.m., 19th—8.30 p.m.)
(Tickets for performances at Caesarea all sold)

EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano
ISAAC STERN, violin
LEONARD ROSS, cello
with ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, viola
Programme: Brahms—Trio in C minor op. 101
Beethoven—Trio in E-flat, op. 70, No. 2
Mozart—Piano Quartet in G minor, K 478
August 18—Jerusalem—Binyanei Ha'oma—9 p.m.
August 19—Tel Aviv—Mann Auditorium—8.30 p.m.

RECITALS THIS WEEK AT THE FESTIVAL
PHILIP HIRSHHORN, violin
JONATHAN ZAK, piano
PROGRAMME:
Bach—Sonata in A minor for unaccompanied violin
Beethoven—Sonata in D major, op. 12, No. 1
Brahms—Sonata in G major, op. 78
August 19—Jerusalem—The Jerusalem Khan—8.30 p.m.

MICHAEL MAISKY, cello
VALERY MAISKY, harpsichord
PROGRAMME:
Bach: Sonata for harpsichord in D minor
Suite for cello solo in D minor, No. 2
French Suite for harpsichord in C minor, No. 3
Sonata for cello and harpsichord in G minor, No. 3
August 20—Jerusalem Khan—8.30 p.m.

SONGS AND LEGENDS OF PROPHET ELIJAH
in Hebrew, Yiddish and Ladino
Stage Director: SHMUEL BUNIM
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN
Texts: DAN ALMAGOR
with: Misha Ashorov, Jacob Barkin, Horebel Bernardi (Arnie), Joseph Buloff, Abraham Mor, Ilanit, Rena Samsonov, Lea Shlangor
The Yemante Dance Group of LEVY-DEMOL
The Hemanim Singers, Director — GIL ALDEMA
Sokhara Orchestra, Director — JOSEPH BEN ISRAEL
August 21—Tel Aviv—Mann Auditorium, 8.30 p.m.
August 22—Caesarea—National Park, Roman Theatre, 8.30 p.m.

MINDRU KATZ, piano
BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME:
Sonata in C sharp, op. 27, No. 2 (Moonlight)
Sonata in B major, op. 109
Sonata in A flat major, op. 110
Sonata in C minor, op. 111
August 20—Tel Aviv Museum—Leon and Mathilde Rocanati Auditorium—5 p.m.

SERGIU LUCA, viola
JONATHAN ZAK, piano
PROGRAMME:
Clara Schumann—Romance
Robert Schumann—Romance
Brahms—Sonata in G major, op. 78
Bach—Partita in D minor, No. 2
Dvorak—Romantic Pieces
Lavry—Hora
Ravel—Tzigane
August 22—Tel Aviv Museum—Leon and Mathilde Rocanati Auditorium—5 p.m.

FESTIVAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA
Conductors: PABLO CASALS
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER
Soloists: ISAAC STERN, violin
Festival Chorus — Conductor: STANLEY SPERBER
PROGRAMME:
Casals — Hymn to the United Nations
Mendelssohn — Symphony No. 10 (one movement for strings only)
Vivaldi — 4 Concerti
Mozart — Violin Concerto in A major, K. 219
Mozart — Symphony in B flat, K. 319
August 23—Jerusalem—Binyanei Ha'oma—8.30 p.m.

GARMEN OR, piano
PROGRAMME:
Beethoven—Sonata in C major, op. 53 (Waldstein)
Ben Haim—Toccata
Debussy—Suite pour le piano
Brahms—2 Intermezzi and Ballade in D minor, op. 118
Chopin—Sonata in B flat minor, op. 35
August 23—Jerusalem Khan—8.30 p.m.

BIALIK EVENING
Texts: JACOB SHABTAI
Stage Director: GERSHON FLOTKIN
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN
Scenery: ARTIE NAVON
Participants: Hanna Mazon, Joseph Yadin, Michal Tal, Hanna Yovel, Edna Buchman, Inah Buchman, Teddy Kling, Doran Salomon
August 23—Ein Hashofet—8.30 p.m.
August 25—Nachman Theatre—Tel Aviv—8.30 p.m.

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BRACHA EDEN — ALEXANDER TAMIR, Duo Pianists
with the Jerusalem Soloists —
Zlana Kaplan, Raya Kodosh, violins
David Chen, Alma Richter, violas
Tania Rimenikov, Miron Yampolski, cello
PROGRAMME:
Brahms — Variations on a theme by Haydn, op. 56
Brahms — Sextet No. 2, op. 36
J.S. Bach — Trio Sonata No. 1 in E flat
J.S. Bach — Concerto in C major for two pianos and strings
Tonight, August 17 — EIN HOD AMPHITHEATRE — 9 p.m.

THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1973

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